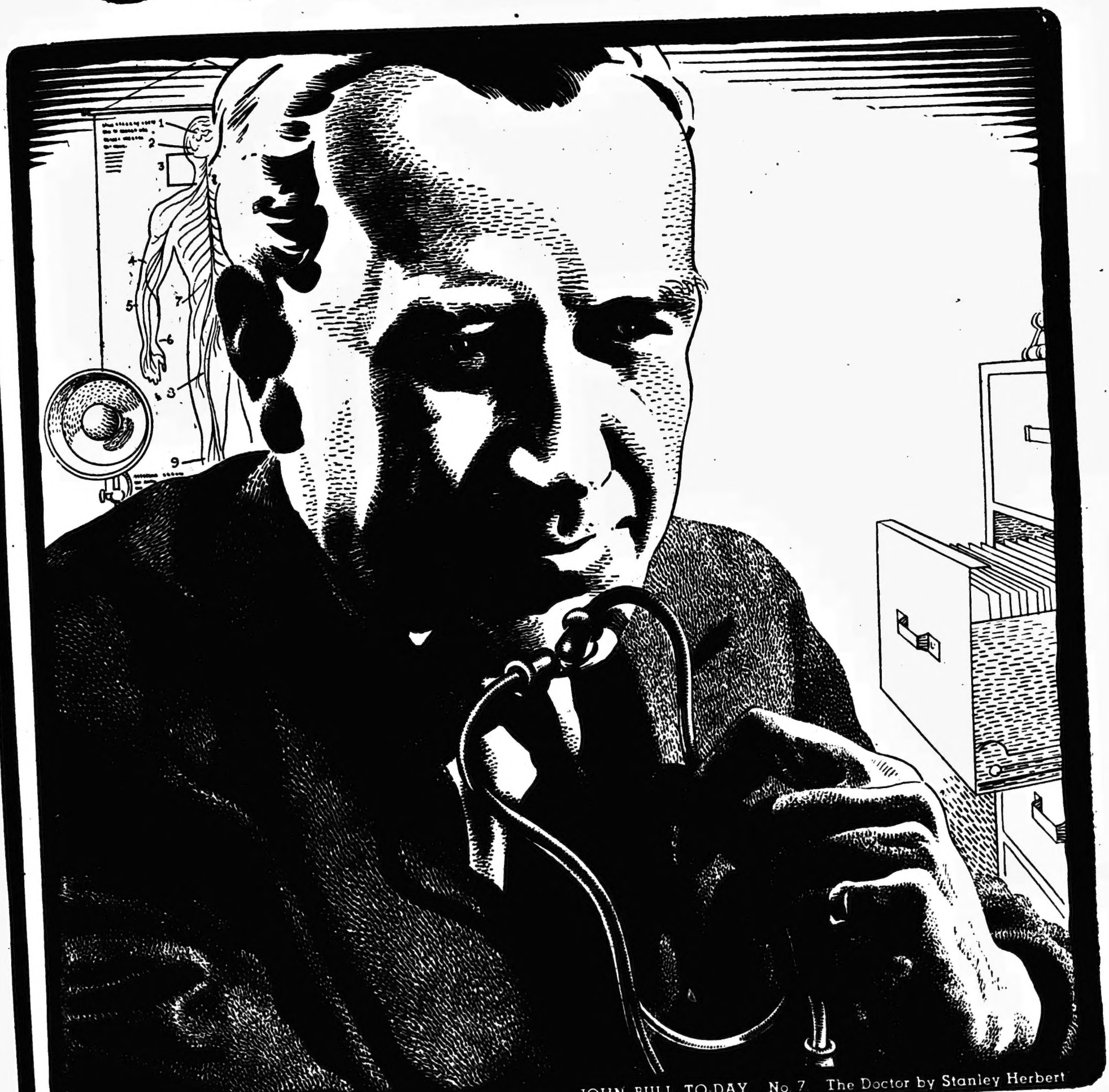
Week ending December 15 1945

Every Thursday—Threepence

JOHN BULL



JOHN BULL TO-DAY No. 7 The Doctor by Stanley Herbert

MILLIONS FOR THE MIDDLEMAN . . . see page 11

"My brakes didn't act, Officer"

"Yes," says the Constable "he had an awful smash, trying to avoid an old lady who stepped off the kerb suddenly. Of course, she ought to have known better. But there are usually mistakes on both sides in an accident."

¶ Your life and the lives of others may depend at any moment on efficient brakes. Have them checked over regularly. Surfaces are often bad, shelters may block the view. Traffic is nearly back to normal, and none of us — drivers, cyclists, pedestrians or children — have got accustomed to it.

There were over forty thousand deaths or serious injuries last year!

Help to stop these needless tragedies. Look to your brakes, tyres, gears and steering—and take no chances.

Keep Death off the Road

Issued by the Ministry of War Transport

When you need an Aspirin-take an Alasil Tablet

The New & Improved form of Aspirin with

BIG Advantages

The advantages of 'Alasil' Tablets for the relief of pain are recognised by Medical and Dental practitioners and specialists—by whom they are widely prescribed.

In addition to the normal quantity of the highest quality aspirin, every 'Alasil' Tablet contains a proportion of 'Alocol'—an important antacid which soothes and protects the stomach and helps to make the pain-relieving properties of aspirin more effective. Thus 'Alasil' can be taken without unpleasant after-effects.

Take an 'Alasil' for Toothache, Headache, Neuralgia; for all forms of Rheumatic Pain and Periodic Pains, also for Digestive Disorders due to acidity.

In Bottles 1/11½ & 1/5. *Cartons* 6d.

Alasil

A8.50

Conquers Pain

Our CHRISTMAS Rations

There will be special rations of sugar, butter and margarine, meat, and sweets. Vegetarians will be able to get extra cheese instead of meat. The following are the Christmas rations for all holders of the General Buff Ration Book (R.B.1), Child's Green Book (R.B.2), Junior Blue Book (R.B.4) and Ration Cards R.B.8R and R.B.8X.

Sugar

The sugar coupon No. 22 will be worth 1½ lb. sugar — instead of ½ lb. normal ration. This coupon can be used at any time during the four-week period No. 6 (Dec. 9-Jan. 5).

Butter and Margarine

The fats coupon No. 22 will be worth 12 oz. butter and margarine (not more than 6 oz. butter) and 2 oz. cooking fats (instead of the normal ration 6 oz. butter and margarine, and 2 oz. cooking fats). This coupon can be used any time during four-week period No. 6 (Dec. 9-Jan. 5).

TEMPORARY RATION CARD R.B.12. The increased rations may be obtained against Form R.B.12 valid in week No. 22 (Scotland, week 23) unless already taken against coupons in a ration book. **WEEKLY SEAMAN'S RATION BOOK R.B.6 and DUTY RATION CARD R.B.8A.** Additional Christmas rations will not be obtainable on the fats, sugar and meat coupons in these books or cards.

Meat

Increased from 1/2 to 2 [illegible] to 1/- for children — R.B.2 holders [illegible] amount of meat available on each [illegible] two in R.B.1 and R.B.4, one in R.B.2) for week No. 22 (Scotland, week 23) will be 1/- of which about 3d. [illegible] will be canned corned meat. On Form R.G.48 the value of each extra meat ration will be 2/- (Child 1/-). This coupon (No. 22, Dec. 16-Dec. 22 (in Scotland No. 23, Dec. 23-Dec. 29), can be used *only during that week*.

FOR VEGETARIANS [illegible] authorised on Form R.G.48 to obtain the special cheese ration, the cheese coupon for week No. 22 (Scotland, week 23) will be worth 18 oz. (36 oz. where two special rations are authorised); the coupon can be used at any time during four-week period No. 6 (Dec. 9-Jan. 5).

Chocolates and Sweets

The arrangements for obtaining the extra 4 oz. of chocolate and sweets were announced in this [illegible] period Points changes.

FOOD FACTS

No. 232A

MORE FOOD FACTS BY RADIO AT 8.20 A.M. ON THURSDAYS

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

10 to 1/2
20 to 2/4

CRAVEN 'A'
For your throat's sake

CARRERAS 130 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

C.A. 1288

If mornings find you sluggish, hard to wake, there's a simple remedy: it's just this—
—every morning take
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

It's that beard again!

Smart men shave with-

Ever-Ready CORRUX Blades

I can dream, can't I?

Why not! But dreaming will never bring romance to the girl who is guilty of Oral Offence.

Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream stops Oral Offence that originates in the mouth.

Play Safe! use
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Twice a day

1/1 *Including Tax*

"... the years that the locust hath eaten ..."

Since 1939 large numbers of our men and women have been serving their country in the Forces.

Soon many of them will be returning to their homes, anxious to make a place for themselves in the life of a nation pursuing the arts of peace.

Constructive help will be needed in solving the many business problems that will confront them after long absence from the ordinary affairs of daily life.

The managers of the branches of the Midland Bank have a wealth of experience and knowledge in such matters which they will gladly place at the disposal of men and women—whether customers of the Bank or not—upon their return to civilian life.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

write to JOHN BULL about it

Few people go through life without facing problems. If you are in need of expert advice, send your query to us. We will help you

SHOULD DETAILS OF WILL BE KEPT SECRET?

"MY MOTHER DIED last January, but her solicitor did not let my brother and me know any details about her will. My brother was able to get a copy, and we found that the bulk of the money was left to my sister's children. The solicitor was made the executor.

"My own son was left £25. He is 15 years of age now. Does he have to wait till he is 21? Shouldn't the solicitor inform him about the money? When I wrote to him about my mother's grave he did not reply to the letter. I should be grateful for your advice."

✓ The solicitor will invest the £25 which he holds in trust for your son and will be able to pay him when he becomes of age. The amount will have increased by six years' interest on the investment.

It is usual for the executor—in your case, the solicitor—to inform people of bequests made to them. But he is not obliged to do so until twelve months after the death of the person who made the will. Since your mother died last January, your son should be informed about the money any time now.

Furniture in Flat

"OVER FIVE YEARS AGO I obtained partly furnished rooms and brought some of my own furniture to make the place more comfortable. The landlady died in July, and the new landlord has made a claim for possession.

"The house was protected under the 1914 and 1939 Rent Acts. I have been to the Town Hall and explained the position to the Housing Officer. He told me to stay where I am. The fact that the new landlord has accepted my rent since July shows that he accepts my tenancy.

"Will you tell me whether I shall be right and safe in following the Housing Officer's advice?"

✓ Afraid not! If the rooms were let to you partly furnished, and the rent includes a substantial amount for the use of furniture, you would not be protected by the Rent Restriction Act.

You can be compelled to quit by Order of Court after receiving proper notice.

Official Delay

"I WISH TO BECOME a voluntary subscriber to the National Health Insurance. I am a partner in a small firm. On being told that I was not entitled to continue my subscription, I returned my ordinary Health Card.

"I wrote to the Controller of the Ministry of Health last July, and was sent a form to fill in regarding my earnings. I returned this, but have heard nothing since.

"I wrote again in August and again in October. The last was sent by registered post, but the result was the same."

✓ The only explanation of the delay is that the Ministry of Health is under-

Continued on page 22

THEY KEEP US HEALTHY

by HANNEN SWAFFER

HIGH as are the earnings of the top-class surgeons and fashionable physicians, the majority of the 27,177 doctors in practice in England and Wales are underpaid.

After spending as long as six years in training, a newly-qualified medical man is offered so little that the Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford, recently advertised for a house surgeon at £100 a year, plus board and lodging!

Even a senior post at the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases was considered to be worth only £150 a year—and the lucky man who filled this had filled two other appointments.

A doctor with 2,000 panel patients has a gross income of £1,050 a year. His overheads cost about £300 a year. He often pays about £200 a year in buying the practice on the hire system. So, after income tax is deducted, he may have only £400 a year on which to maintain his home and family.

The disadvantage of the "Panel" system is that the average doctor gallops through his panel patients in order to give time to private patients.

Invariably, doctors start off with a passionate desire to heal. Overworked and underpaid, they are soon after caught up in a system which encourages exploitation.

A National Health Service would guarantee to all, however poor, the best of attention—and also guarantee for the doctor adequate pay and security.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

I'm Growing up the WRIGHT way

with WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

IDEAL FOR TOILET & NURSERY

Get a MINX

If you're a motorist whose car is always in use, you can rely on

THE NEW HILLMAN MINX

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

Enjoyable and economical —because it's pure tobacco

FOUR SQUARE gives you long-lasting enjoyment because it's just pure tobacco, free from artificial scents and flavouring, matured and mellowed by ageing in the wood.

SIX BLENDS - 2/7—2/11 PER OZ.

FOUR SQUARE TOBACCOS

DEWAR'S "White Label" WHISKY

It never varies

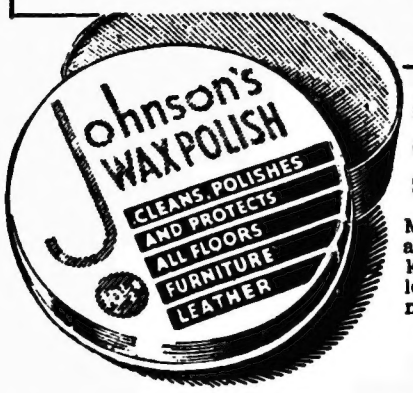
Maximum retail prices:

25/9 per bottle • 13/6 half bottle

(as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association)

For Good Light!
METROVICK
COSMOS LAMPS
More Candlepower for less Watts—that's the difference between a good lamp and a bad one. Ask for Metrovick and Cosmos Lamps, and get the most light and the longest life for the least cost.
METROPOLITAN-VICKERS ELECTRICAL CO. LTD. QUEENS HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2

It gives a *lasting* shine—that's why I use **Johnson's Wax Polish!**



Puts a brilliant polish on all floors—and the shine lasts twice as long!

Millions of women say that this amazing Johnson's Wax Polish keeps all floors, furniture and leather—bright, sparkling and mirror-like—and it's non-greasy! In tins 10½d. and 1/6.

Obtainable only from shops.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LIMITED

Very Precious still

As yet we can't offer you plentiful supplies of V.P. But we *can* give you this assurance. V.P. maintains the quality and strength that it had *before* the war—and has kept all through. V.P.—British produce from Empire grapes—is *real* wine. And, with all its quality, V.P. (Point Brand) still costs 6/6.

V.P. POINT BRAND **Wines**

RICH RUBY · SWEET WHITE · BRITISH SHERRY **6/6**

Produced and bottled by Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey

THEN No 2 TIN

There are two Ostermilks—No. 1 in the yellow tin, and No. 2 in the blue. Each designed to give Baby an easily digestible food that will lay the sound foundations of health. Until he is about 3 months old, Baby does best on a modified food, such as Ostermilk No. 1. Then he changes gradually and happily to Ostermilk No. 2, the full-cream food which carries him steadily forward to the time when solid food can be taken.

Send 3d. for Ostermilk Baby Book, Dept. 979, Glaxo Laboratories, Ltd., Greenford, Middlesex.

OSTERMILK

Safe FOR YOUR BABY

Fortify the inner man. All porridge is rich in sustaining goodness. ***But the FLAVOUR alone*** makes you greedy for the goodness in

Scott's *porage* Oats

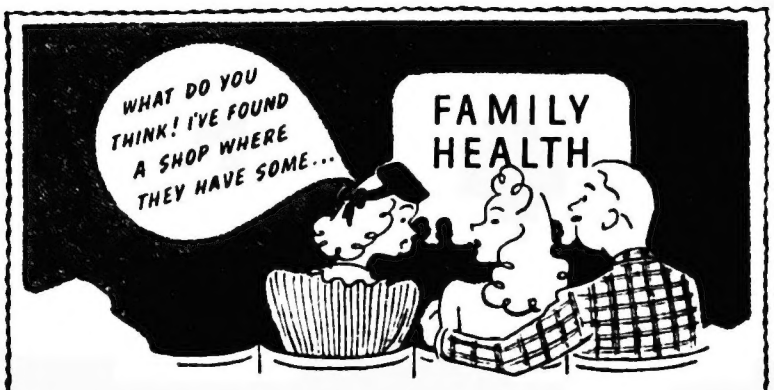
GROWN IN SCOTLAND—QUICKEST HOT BREAKFAST

Outlook — warm

It looks like being a cold Winter, so look to your Wool for warmth and protection—there's nothing to equal it. Wool underwear feels comfortably warm immediately you put it on, and protective layers of air in Wool's unique texture isolate your body completely from the cold and damp outside.

Keep your WOOL on— *and keep well!*

Issued by the International Wool Secretariat



FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

Cleans - and protects

KH 106-861

Selling Agents: HUDSON & KNIGHT LTD.

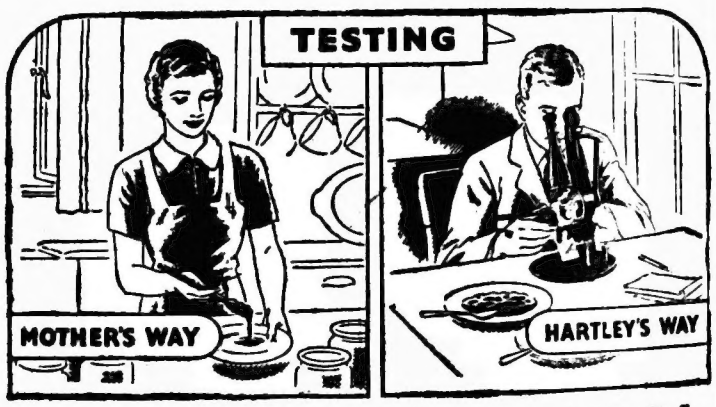
Behind its wartime label

'CAMP'

is still of pre-war strength

Although the makers of 'Camp' have restricted the bottle labels to one standard size, with modified printing, in order to meet Government regulations, the ingredients of 'Camp' remain as ever—good coffee, chicory and sugar, *and nothing else.*

You can still get as many cups of good coffee from each bottle of 'Camp' as you used to enjoy before the war. Like other good things, supplies of 'Camp' are limited, but you should get your share if you ask your grocer for 'Camp' by name.



HARTLEY'S JAM

Made mother's way — on the grand scale!

Growing up on Cadburys BOURNVILLE COCOA

Ben Smith has his bags packed. The Loan Agreement is, for him, the signal to buy essential food and replenish our national larder

FOOD COMES FIRST AFTER U.S. LOAN

Censure Vote Victory. Doctors Fear Direction. Critics Active on "Demob." New Deal for Shopworkers. Bananas are really on the Way. America Likes Our Soccer.

A MIGHTY WELTER of long words and involved technical jargon. Many M.P.s desperately digging back into textbooks on economics. Furrowed brows in the Commons' library; stern faces on both Front Benches. A fierce fight among Parliament's money experts. A hard, headaching decision to be made by the less expert legislators.

This is the background to this week's Parliamentary battle about the Bretton Woods International Monetary Agreement. Upon Parliament's decision to accept or reject the Agreement by December 31 depends the operation of the big American loan.

The plans worked out at Bretton Woods were long-term plans about money, largely sponsored by the Americans. They involve the operation of a world economic policy in which inevitably, America, by reason of its vast economic resources, its gigantic gold reserves, must play the dominant rôle.

Prelude to Loan

BRETTON WOODS first; ratification of the Loan Agreement after; and what then? To begin with, the man who looks after British stomachs is waiting the word to go to Washington. For Sir Ben Smith, Minister of Food, acceptance of Bretton Woods and the automatic endorsement of the Loan Agreement will mean the easing of a huge burden.

Suppose Bretton Woods was rejected. The Loan Agreement would be wiped out. Then it would be Sir Ben's job, month by month, to give us the grim news of an extra notch to be periodically pulled in the British belt. Without the Loan, the future was clear. We would have faced a period of austerity much more severe than anything we have had to experience.

As it is, Ben Smith has his bags packed for Washington. At last he should be able to negotiate with the money in his hip-pocket to pay for what we need.

The Loan Agreement is, for him, the "get going" signal to buy essential food for Britain and replenish a national larder dangerously depleted by the sudden ending of lease-lend and the sending of relief supplies to starving Europe.

Doing a Deal

NOT ONLY THE Minister of Food will welcome the Loan Agreement. The £1,100 millions will bring other things. It will pour much-needed oil into the wheels of British peacetime production. It will provide the means to secure the raw materials and new machinery we must have.

All this is to the good. Of course, we must assume a burden of capital and interest payments. But the repayment is on reasonable terms. These terms, in fact, have infuriated every section of American isolationist opinion, which is now "gunning for" Truman.

The President has his problems. So has Prime Minister Attlee. He is being "gunned for" too. There is heavy fire from the Benches behind, as well as those in front. Parties are divided. Lord Keynes, key British representative in the Bretton Woods discussions, repudiates the argument that Bretton ties Britain for all time to American coat-tails.

Labour Rebels

MANY M.P.S DON'T AGREE. Most heated and eloquent of the Labour rebels against Bretton Woods, and therefore against the Loan Agreement, are Dick Stokes (Ipswich) and Norman Smith (Nottingham). One an engineer, the other a journalist, their friends call them "money experts"—their enemies prefer the phrase "currency cranks." Often they are a mixture of both!

With them—though on the other side of the House—is Conservative Robert Boothby. Brilliant, devastating in attack, he did a sort of Midlothian tour in America a few months ago, denouncing Bretton Woods to its sponsors.

After the Debate

WITH THE BIG CENSURE DEBATE over, M.P.s of all Parties have been studying its lessons. Cooler heads and cooler tempers mean clearer thinking. Before the debate, members of the Opposition were reasonably confident that the Government would be "flayed alive." They said so. The reverse was true. It was, of course, certain that the Government would have a massive majority. It was the moral victory that mattered.

The Opposition failed, and failed lamentably, to press home the attack. This is recognised by most of the Conservatives. They have not missed the significance of the fact that the outstanding success among the Opposition spokesmen was young Captain Peter Thorneycroft. The old hands faltered and fumbled.

What follows from this? We predict with certainty a shake-up in Conservative leadership. It will not be too long delayed.

Mistimed Motion

PARLIAMENTARY TRADITION about Censure debates is fairly rigid. There are no written rules. But it is accepted that the Opposition should limit Censure Motions to, at most, one a Session. This, traditionally, ties the Conservative hands for some time to come.

Even if they break with Parliamentary tradition—of which they claim to be the chief defenders—they will run the risk of being met with a Government refusal to provide the time needed to discuss a Censure Motion submitted before the customary interval has elapsed.

"Demob" Doubts

GOVERNMENT CRITICS ARE not without ammunition, however. In the private Party meetings, backbenchers particularly are not hesitating to say harsh things about certain aspects of demobilisation, for example.

Accepting the Bevin age-plus-service release programme as the only fair basis, they maintain that demobilisation bottlenecks are not being tackled with the necessary urgency.

The Labour "Defence Group," comprising Labour M.P.s meeting under the chairmanship of General Mason-Macfarlane, include many young Service experts. They have been promised big demobilisation speed-ups. There will be trouble if they don't get them.

Military Man-power

IT WAS AS THE direct result of facts placed before him by members of the "Defence Group" that Minister of War Jack Lawson sent out his toughly-worded reminder to all Commanding Officers that they must co-operate in securing the speediest possible release of "B" class men.

Outstanding among the critics of the present "B" rate of releases is Flt.-Lt. Frank Beswick, M.P. for Uxbridge. In his early thirties, he is one of Labour's hardest-working back benchers.

A bomber-pilot, he was doing special route-flying for British Overseas Airways before the General Election, when he put Colonel Llewellyn, then Minister of Food, among the notable election casualties.

Rejected by Randolph

ABOUT THE HOUSE of Commons these last few days there has been another casualty of the ballot-boxes. Randolph Churchill, fresh from his continental tour, has been greeting luckier friends.

He was beaten at Preston, which he fought in double-harness with the son of another famous Tory, Captain Julian Amery. One of the successful Labour candidates, J. W. Sunderland, has died. It was thought that Randolph would contest in the resulting by-election

But he declined with thanks. His reason was that fulfilment of the journalistic obligations he has undertaken would prevent him resuming his Parliamentary duties

"MY FAMILY AND I THANK YOU

for the splendid way in which you have met our claim," writes Mrs. C. Cheetham, of Whatstandswell, Matlock, Derbyshire, when acknowledging cheque paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance following an outbreak of Fire at her home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a £1,000 Fire Insurance as well as many other invaluable Household Benefits.

THE BLOOD-STAINED IDOL

for at least a year. This was one reason. The other was considerable doubt as to whether he could win Preston back from Labour, and the fact that the invitation to him to stand from Preston Conservatives would be far from unanimous.

Medical Mortgages

THERE IS MUCH ACTIVITY on the medical front. Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Health, says that the buying and selling of medical practices must be stopped.

How heartily we agree! The layman usually regards the doctor as at least reasonably well-off. There is another side to this picture. The young doctor is anxious to start in general practice. He has little capital of his own. So he borrows money from sources that specialise in medical loans.

Result: many a doctor spends years bearing a gigantic debt burden. His practice, his surgeries, the very house in which he lives—all often enough are mortgaged up to the hilt. A bad system, we think.

Fair Compensation

BUT ACCORDING TO Bevan, no established doctor need fear that finance he has sunk into his practice will be lost. There will be adequate compensation for any losses that may arise from the new arrangements.

This is only justice. Dr. Charles Hill, Number One negotiator for the doctors, accepts this promise as reasonable. About other things, he is more doubtful. "Are doctors going to be put to work by direction?" he asks.

A fair question. We hope the answer from the Minister of Health will be a blunt "No. They are not." We do not believe that the best can be got from the doctors if they are denied a free choice of where to work.

The Young Doctor

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION itself is not standing still. The progressive young doctor is the rule now, not the exception. We respect the British Medical Asociation. It is a great organisation. But we doubt its often asserted claim to speak for all doctors.

We know many young medical men who assert, with some truth, that the B.M.A. too often speaks for the vested interests of the older doctors. The higher the average age of the doctor, the more likelihood that he will be an opponent of any national health planning.

In the overdue organisation of the National Health Service, the Government must see, in the younger doctors particularly, active, eager and voluntary partners in a great enterprise. A National Health Service does not, or should not, mean regimented doctors. It should mean greater opportunities for service in their great profession.

"GOOD GUIDE" GANGS

SCOTLAND YARD and Police Chiefs in most big industrial towns have a new headache, and are exchanging information about the Companion and Guide swindle.

Returning prisoners of war, Servicemen sent home on prolonged leave or for demobilisation, are victims of a new racket.

In London alone, at least four gangs of undesirables, who lived on various forms of crime before the war, have started "work" again. They are robbing these men, who after five and six years abroad are out of touch with West End life.

Sitting in hotel lounges, buffets and public-houses, they "get friendly" with men at a loose end.

With what appears to be a spirit of keen comradeship, they offer their services in any way help or advice is needed. If a man wants clothes, they say they know where to go.

It is the same with entertainment, hotel accommodation, or rooms.

Once they know plenty of money is available, they lure their newly-made friends to gaming dens, drinking clubs, or immoral parties, where they are given doped drinks and robbed.

Two recent cases are typical. They concerned soldiers who were robbed in this way of £90 and £34 (plus a gold cigarette case).

A well-known charitable association recently handed over information it had collected to Scotland Yard.

Bristol, Southampton, Manchester, Nottingham, Glasgow and Newcastle-on-Tyne are a few of the many provincial towns where the "guides" are at work.

In the West End of London there is a racket in jewellery which has been smuggled home by soldiers.

Certain "traders" buy from "companion and guide" decoys who have themselves stolen the jewellery from returning soldiers.

This racket must be smashed before it gets worse.

Shutting Shops

HOME SECRETARY Chuter Ede hopes for a speedy report from the Committee he is now setting up to consider the question of closing hours of shops.

Shop assistants before the war were shabbily treated. Wages were low, hours were long. The Trade Unions covering this type of worker made little headway in organising shop labour.

Maurice Hann, leader of the Shop Assistants' Union, did his best. Joe Hallsworth, General Secretary of the National Union of Distributive Workers, worked hard too.

Now these two Unions are in process of amalgamation. When it is completed, there will be an all-out drive to make all shop assistants Trade Union conscious. And not before time.

Bananas Are Coming

BANANAS ARE ON THE WAY again, as we have already been promised—but when will they arrive?

Latest reports show that the first supplies are not likely to be seen in the shops until after the New Year, probably in the second half of January.

Reason for the delay is that ships intended to bring the bananas from Jamaica have been temporarily retained to make further trips to America for other foodstuffs.

When shipments are resumed, each home port involved—probably London, Avonmouth and Garston (Liverpool) will receive one cargo of 1,500 or 1,600 tons every six weeks. Later, when more ships are available, at least one cargo weekly may be expected.

Cost is Doubled

UNTIL THE FRUIT reaches this country, it is unlikely that any announcement will be made about the price at which it can be sold to the public.

Labour, freight and all kinds of costs will have increased since the last bananas were sold in London in 1940. At that time, the price was about a penny each for the best fruit. It is probable that this may be more than doubled. and 2d or 3d. a banana is a likely guess at the price for the first shipments.

It is suggested that to begin with, the fruit should be sold for children only. Few will grudge the 1945 child his first post-war banana.

Soccer Overseas

MANY AMERICAN SERVICEMEN have gone for soccer in a big way during their stay in Britain. Result—these new fans, now back home, are suggesting that British coaches should cross the Atlantic to give the Americans expert advice.

American sports commentators predict that many British professionals will accept offers to act as propagandists for our version of the game. They even argue that eventually our football will oust baseball in popularity. We doubt that.

The biggest difficulty is lack of first-class coaches in Britain. Many

famous players here are wizards with their feet on the field, but less lucid with their tongues. Like all other sports, the best coach is rarely the best actual exponent of the game. Still, a new and promising sports Lease-Lend arrangement seems on the way.

"Bookie" Boom

IT ISN'T TRUE that all bookmakers are rolling in money. Though even we, on certain dark days in our own experience, have tended to think so. However, money is certainly made by shouting the odds, and many ex-Servicemen in this country think that making a book is the short cut to a big bank balance.

In Australia the roll of would-be bookmakers is a record one. Returning ex-Servicemen, with their wartime savings ready and gratuities still to come, are applying in their thousands to the Australian Jockey Club for permission to operate on the racetracks.

Existing Australian bookmakers naturally are not too keen on vastly increased competition. They point out that an apprentice bookmaker, like an apprentice punter, may easily lose his shirt before he learns the game—and even when he does learn it! But the applications still pour in.

CRIME WAVE FACTS

CRIME Marches On!

And marches on almost unhindered.

Now it has reached the stage where jewellers and their assistants are being waylaid by gangsters after days of inquiries into their movements and everyday routine, and when innocent traders and private citizens marked out for robbery are being beaten-up.

£150,000 is the sum involved in unsolved jewel robberies during the last few months.

£2,500,000 is the official estimate of lorry, train, van and warehouse Black Market thefts in the last year.

The organisers are super-thieves who hatch their plots in Soho clubs.

They have regrouped their gangs from men—many with criminal records—who have never done an honest day's work in their lives. Since demobilisation, they have returned to crime because it brings them big money despite the risk of eventual arrest.

Among the gangsters are a number of Polish deserters, "wanted" by the Polish Military authorities, who have no wish to return to their own country.

Many are armed with "coshes" (thick rubber-tubing lined with metal), knuckledusters and revolvers.

Crime cases, many of a violent character, are mounting up at the rate of 10,000 a month. Unless the Criminal Investigation Departments at Scotland Yard and at every big provincial police centre are speedily reinforced the present crime-wave (which was predicted by our Special Commissioner William J. Gage in his recent series of articles, "London's Murder Spot") will grow even worse.

The public can help the police to curb this great menace. Many people do not come forward through personal considerations. Don't be afraid to ring Whitehall 1212, or your provincial police headquarters, if you see or hear anything about *any* crime.

Spares for Your Radio

THROUGHOUT THE WAR, your radio dealer was starved of spare parts. Those resistances, condensers and other gadgets which make up your set were hard to get, sometimes unobtainable.

Many listeners have been managing with sets literally held together with string. They have been very patient. Now they are to be rewarded—and quickly.

Spare parts from the Radar receivers which played such a vital part in the defence of Britain are to be put on the market by the Ministry of Aircraft Production.

No Racketeering

THE MINISTRY IS determined, though, not to release radio parts to racketeers who, after the last war, purchased radio and scientific material in bulk from Government stores and resold it at a huge profit in "junk" shops, markets and on street barrows.

This time, whenever the spares are released, they will be made available only to the bona fide radio manufacturer or retailer.

Testing equipment will also be available—and it is just as important, for without it the radio dealer cannot correct many of the obscure faults which develop in receivers.

Fascist Folly

STILL LICKING their General Election wounds, the Conservatives have issued, through their Central Office, a booklet of instructions on how to win elections. This should have been done before the election, but nobody at H.Q. thought about it.

Now they propose to have flying squads equipped with loud-speakers, and worse still, the suggestion is made that Tory speakers at public meetings should be provided with efficient bodyguards. Shades of Munich and Nuremberg!

This is Hitlerite nonsense at its worst. It will be a bad day for Britain when we run our elections on the Fascist or Nazi model. We hope for a return of sanity at Tory H.Q.

Helpful E.N.S.A.

ONE OF THE LETTERS received by JOHN BULL this week contained, among other things, the grouse that films are no longer supplied to the Services' cinema in Malta because the native cinema proprietors had complained that this was unfair competition.

The result, the letter went on, is that the Serviceman in Malta now has to pay eighteenpence or half-a-crown to see a film where he previously only paid threepence—a vast difference in a country where money doesn't go very far at any time.

An attempt to obtain verification from E.N.S.A. elicited the remark "That's just too bad for them, isn't it?" and a statement that if the letter, or a copy, was forwarded to them they would draft a formal reply.

TRADE CHARTER THAT MUST NOT FAIL

SOME FOOLS AT HOME, some fools abroad, still prattle of the purple ease that is supposed to come from driving the other fellow out of business. They proclaim the stupid proposition that the shopkeeper is better off when he cuts his customer's throat. Now, the gospel of common-sense is set clearly before us. "Proposals for Consideration by an International Conference on Trade and Employment." This is a long-winded title for a short and vital document.

It is one of the most important things arising out of the Loan Agreement talks between British and American representatives. Prepared by the American Secretary of State, this document was discussed by Attlee and Truman. It is accepted by the Governments of Britain and America as the basis for all-in world discussions. We find in the simple, clear phrases of this declaration well-found hopes for the happiness of all peoples.

What does it say? Economic co-operation, it asserts, is the *only* way of raising the level of economic well-being for all peoples in all lands. National policies of full employment; negotiated removal of international trade barriers—both are essential.

World trade grows with world prosperity. Empty pockets, growing poverty in one land means the same thing in another. These are the simple, sane truths.

ALL THIS IS as important to mankind as the success of the United Nations Organisation itself.

A great International Trade Conference will meet next summer to discuss these proposals, to pound out this world policy. There, in a score of different languages, leaders of nations will have to face problems common to all their peoples. Stomachs to be filled. Hundreds and millions of them. Filling those stomachs is the vital work of statesmanship—real statesmanship.

But a document consists only of words. Deeds, not words, will be wanted. Here, from the American Government, is a bold, brave statement of a real basis for world trade co-operation. It will not count for much if, meanwhile, her ruthless, well-organised big-business barons are roaming around the world wheedling and bullying a way to what they suppose will be world economic dominance.

It will be useless if, while America asserts her belief in world co-operation, the Wall Street wolves are out seeking to tear possible competitors to pieces.

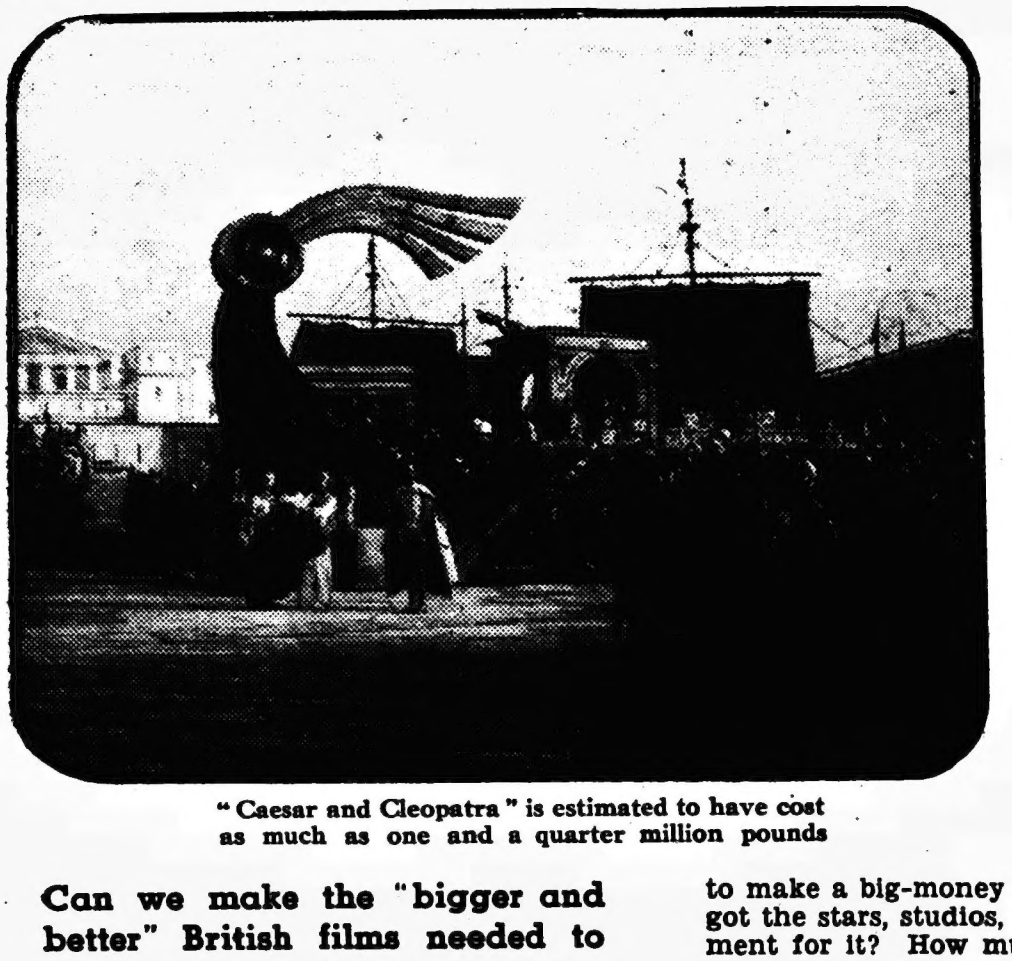
THE NEXT FEW months are pregnant with possibilities. Working up to the International Conference, plans can be prepared for the peaceful progress of all nations as partners in a world community, where the interests of one are the interests of all.

No nation—including our own—must permit these plans to be wrecked by the minority of moneybagged pirates, who acknowledge no rules except that the strong are entitled to take what they can get.

We believe the American Government means what it says in this historic document on World Trade Co-operation. We warmly agree with our own Government in supporting the principles it lays down. We look forward, eagerly and anxiously, to that Conference a few months hence.

Every sensible man and woman in this war-weary world has a stake in its successful outcome. It is within the power of that Conference to set mankind on the march, nation with nation, in a great combination for common benefit. Those who speak for the nations dare not and must not let it fail.

The Editor



"Caesar and Cleopatra" is estimated to have cost as much as one and a quarter million pounds

WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE BIG-MONEY BRITISH FILMS

Can we make the "bigger and better" British films needed to capture a world-wide market—and what does it cost? Here is the story of high finance behind the scenes of the film world

by LEONARD WALLACE

WE ARE PAYING nearly £20,000,000 a year for the films we import from America. Twenty millions is a staggering figure, but the amount is generally agreed in the film trade, and has been quoted in Parliament.

Conversely, we are lucky if we export enough British films to earn a sum that would pay the annual salaries of a handful of Hollywood stars.

The position is doubly serious because we have to pay for the American films in dollars —and we have hardly any dollars to spare; we need all we can get for the purchase of food and other essentials. Hence Robert Boothby's widely quoted remark in the House about bacon before Bogart. We are nearly £18,000,000 a year down on the deal, and it is really getting to be a question of whether we can afford to put Hollywood films before food.

The fact is accepted that we want this film business to be a good deal less one-sided in future. We must either cut down the imports of Hollywood films (some of which we could dispense with and never know the difference) or offset them by exporting a great many more British films capable of earning big money all over the world, and especially in the dollar area.

The cry now, both in the film industry and in Parliament, is for more and better British films, because it is recognised that plenty of home-produced pictures rivalling Hollywood "epics" in popularity would have the double effect of cutting down the American imports needed to keep our cinemas going, and at the same time correcting the adverse dollar balance by earning money in the States.

The vital question is: Can we do it? What does it take, under present conditions, to make a big-money British film? Have we got the stars, studios, technicians and equipment for it? How much does it cost?

Britain's cinema "Czar," Arthur Rank, head of the Gaumont-British and Odeon combine, would agree that it costs a lot. He believes that the only way to challenge the Americans successfully is to beat them at their own game—to produce films on a bigger scale than Hollywood's best. So he has already financed such extremely expensive ventures as "Henry V," which cost not much less than £1,000,000, and "Cæsar and Cleopatra," at considerably over that figure, some say as much as £1,250,000.

It is difficult to obtain definite figures about any film still in circulation, because producers naturally like to keep their balance-sheets to themselves. But it is possible for people experienced in the film trade to guess intelligently.

Huge Salaries

Stars with the international standing and popularity of Vivien Leigh can command enormous sums—£100,000 was the amount estimated as her fee for appearing in "Cæsar and Cleopatra." Claude Rains was brought over from Hollywood to support her at £12,500 for six weeks and thereafter pro rata. Delays in production kept him a good deal longer than was expected, and when his work was completed it was calculated by his agent that his employers had to pay £320,000 to cover his salary and taxes.

The other leading players would get considerably less. But even those playing comparatively small parts would earn as much as £10 per day, and might have to appear for several weeks in order to make scenes lasting only a few minutes on the screen.

Sets in a normal modern picture account for between fifteen and twenty per cent. of the total cost of the production. But in a period piece like "Cæsar and Cleopatra" they would cost far more than that, perhaps thirty per cent. of the whole budget, or £375,000.

Costumes might cost as much as £50,000, and make-up, including the salaries of the expert staff, in the region of £25,000.

I don't suppose we shall ever know what George Bernard Shaw's payment amounted to, but Shaw is a shrewd business man, and Hollywood has paid as much as £50,000 for a novel by a first-class writer even before it has been published. You can therefore draw your own conclusions.

Obviously, money must be unstintingly spent on stars who are a big draw, directors who lend distinction to a film, settings which are elaborate and spectacular. But it must not be spent up to the limit, or closely approaching the limit, of what the film may be expected to earn.

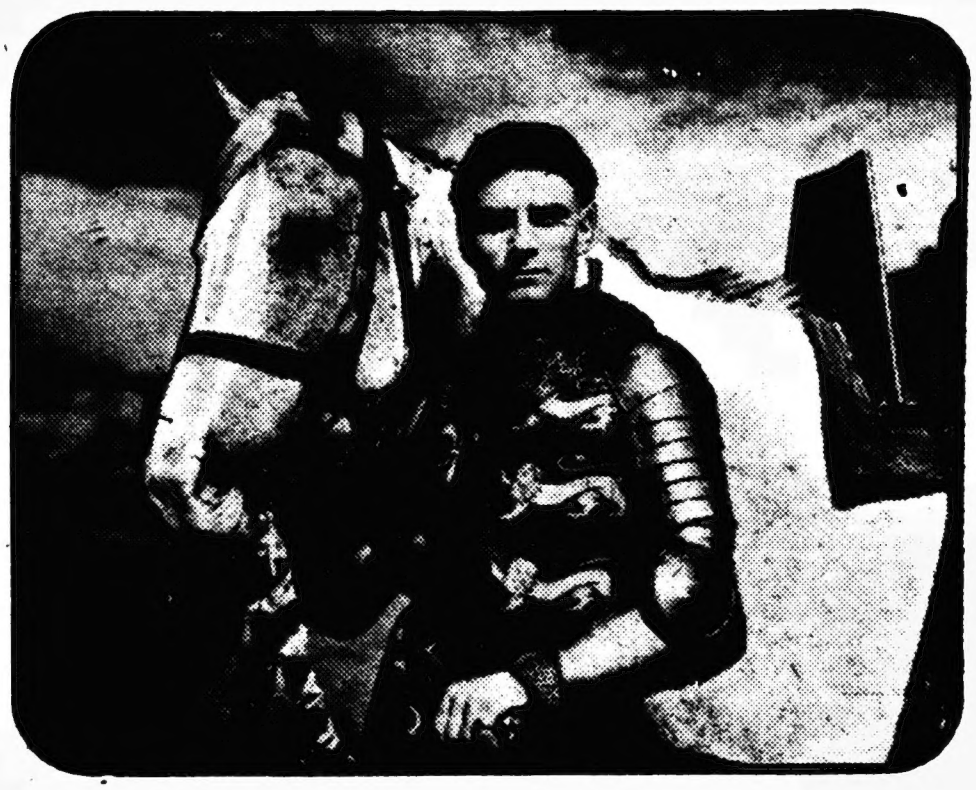
This seems a statement of the obvious, but there is a tendency for super-films to approach that limit. A film salesman told me the other day that he would be arranging for the showing this year of two pictures which, between them, cost about £3,000,000 including estimated advertising costs—an enormous sum to have to clear before any profit can be reckoned. One of those films was "Cæsar and Cleopatra."

Therefore, while it is vital to spend heavily on the "musts"—stars, director and other essentials—it is equally imperative to economise wherever possible. Money can disappear through a myriad odd channels. Hire of flowers for a lavish scene may amount to as much as £500. Rented properties such as period furniture, weapons, carpets and the like may run to about five per cent. of the cost of a picture. For a film like "Cæsar and

"BACON BEFORE BOGART"

"The continuing expenditure of over $80,000,000 a year on American films cannot be justified, in my submission, on any ground. I would like to confess to the House that I have a great admiration for the acting of Mr. Humphrey Bogart; and for the same reason as applies to every film-fan, that I can see in him on the screen the prototype of the man I would have liked to be. Nevertheless, if I am compelled to choose between Bogart and bacon, I am bound to choose bacon at the present time."—Mr. ROBERT BOOTHBY, in the House of Commons, November 15, 1945

"Stars like Vivien Leigh (Cleopatra) and Claude Rains (Caesar) can command enormous sums"



"Henry V" cost about one million pounds. It was Arthur Rank's first "big money" production

Cleopatra" or "Henry V" a great many properties have to be hired.

Another costly factor in the making of a big film is, of course, man-power. Very big teams of craftsmen, plasterers, carpenters and painters are needed to create the settings. Men with the necessary skill and initiative are scarce, and those released from the Forces are very properly being snapped up for work on housing.

The studios consequently have to "make do" with comparatively few skilled men and a great many who are less efficient. This not only slows production down and adds to the costs, but the quality of the work is apt to suffer.

Expensive Settings

Anyone making a super-film to-day finds himself up against a host of other problems arising out of war conditions. There is an acute shortage of all kinds of materials.

Three-ply board, hundreds of thousands of square feet of which was normally used for sets, is now unobtainable. Substitutes have been found, but most of them are expensive, and the most serviceable costs 1s. 3d. per square foot, as against a few pence before the war.

Wallpaper, the art-director's stand-by for finishing off sets, is also extremely scarce. One studio at least is manufacturing its own. Bulk timber comes either as green wood, which warps, cracks and blisters under the studio lights, or as salvage wood, which has to be cleaned and sawn to required sizes before it can be used.

Gold and silver paint, essential for period and stage settings, is strictly rationed to quantities far below requirements. Quick-drying paints and varnishes, which save time and money in the studios, are in very limited supply due to the shortage of methylated spirit.

Technical equipment in this country, such as cameras and sound apparatus, is out of date, and almost worn out. Only now is it becoming possible to order new equipment, and there is no guarantee of delivery. Camera engineers here have performed miracles of improvisation to keep their machines in running order. But it isn't possible to get the best effects and perfect photographic and sound quality with obsolete or worn equipment.

Colour films present very special problems—and colour is becoming an essential for the really outstanding film of popular appeal. Not only is it more expensive, but the stock for printing is strictly rationed.

The showing of five recent British pictures is held up in America because the company concerned cannot obtain prints. Two of these pictures, "Colonel Blimp" and "This Happy Breed," are dated in subject already. When the prints are secured, they will in all probability do very little business. The maker of a colour film to-day must run the risk of missing the American market owing to restrictions on prints.

Even if a British producer has the necessary capital, and is prepared to tackle the difficulties courageously, he may find his plans held up for want of a studio. A lot of our floor space is still under Government requisition. It is true that about forty per cent. of it has been released up to date, and it is estimated that ninety per cent. will be freed by Easter, but the demand even then will probably exceed the number of studios available.

Thus, a producer may have the perfect story for a world-famous star, but cannot offer the star a contract because he does not know when he can obtain a studio and cannot set a shooting date. By the time he has booked the studio, the star may have other commitments.

This account of the possibilities of large-scale film making in Britain to-day, with its many hazards, may seem a little gloomy, but it is offset to some extent by the optimistic spirit that prevails among our film-makers. The recent success in the home market of British pictures like "Madonna of the Seven Moons," "Waltz Time," and "The Seventh Veil," has given British producers the incentive and example they need.

These films and others almost as good have all been made under difficulties such as I have described. Now that our film-makers know they can do it, they are eager to go ahead. Shortages of materials and studio space, worn-out equipment and other handicaps irk but do not daunt them.

Stars remain a difficulty. Few British players whose reputations have been made at home are yet well enough known to give our pictures chances of wide success in America. Hollywood stars are hard to hire. Most of them would like to make pictures here, but are bound by contracts.

Only a very big man like Arthur Rank, who has theatre interests and American tie-ups to give him quite powerful bargaining power, can secure Hollywood stars of first-class status as yet. And as yet there is only one Arthur Rank.

But the will and the ability to compete seriously with Hollywood is in our producers to-day as it never was before. They will "have a go," that is certain, whether their efforts can be regarded as a move to balance the sterling-dollar see-saw, or whether they are simply signs of a struggling industry at last finding its feet.

WHERE THE "BIG MONEY" GOES

Estimated costs of a British "super" film

Star	£100,000
Supporting players	£300,000
Sets	£375,000
Costumes	£50,000
Make-up	£25,000
Author	£50,000
Total production cost, including overhead expenses	£1,250,000

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Sir Stafford Cripps, M.P.,

President of the Board of Trade

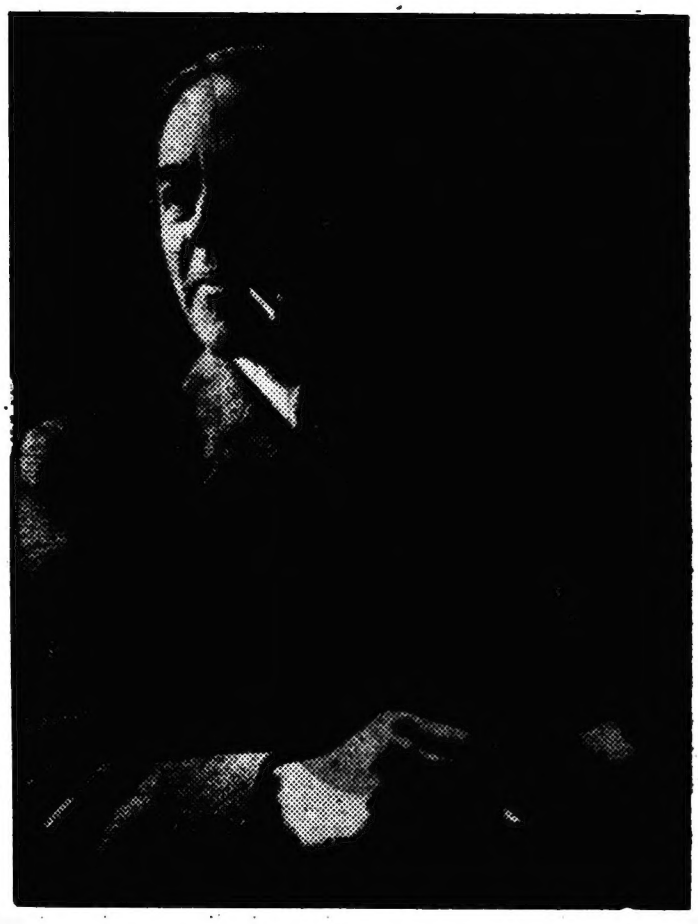
DEAR SIR,—You are accused of "scoffing and sneering" at the Opposition leaders, of "jeering" at Mr. Churchill in Parliament. Your reply to the vote of censure on the Government's policy has been widely represented in some sections of the Press as a personal attack on our late Premier, and every effort has been made to pretend that, in roundly accusing Mr. Churchill of "mischief-making irresponsibility" about our trade policy, you were decrying a great war leader.

I am quite sure you are not seriously worried about these insinuations and allegations. I know you have as great a respect for Winston Churchill, the war time Premier, as anyone in this country. But you are not going to adopt the idiotic assumption that because he led us to victory in war Mr. Churchill is equally able to tell us how to win the peace.

Mr. Churchill is a fighter. So are you—and I congratulate you on fighting rhetoric with reasoned argument—on answering misleading accusations with hard facts.

You have stated that in all manufactures there are five times as many men working for the home market as for export; in clothing forty times as many; in metals, engineering and shipbuilding three and a half times as many. You have pointed out that the preparations now going on will produce more goods for home consumption in the Spring, but you have not been afraid to repeat that, while stimulating and assisting British industry to supply our own people with high-quality goods at reasonable prices, the Government is determined, come what may, to build up our export trade. "The people will not be deceived," you say. "They do not want a repetition of what the Conservatives gave them after the last war—a quick prosperity, profiteering and inflation, followed by deflation which brought about more suffering to this country than it had ever known before."

You are right. The people will not be deceived.—JOHN BULL.



Sir Stafford Cripps — he answers misleading accusations with hard facts

Nikolai Baltiisky

Russian Writer

DEAR SIR,—You are the author of a remarkable article printed in the Moscow journal *New Times*.

You accuse the British and American Press of printing slanders against the Red Army and of lying, sensation-mongering and political distortion about Russian aims and actions.

These are very serious charges. If they are true they would, as you say, be "dangerous and harmful to the peaceful relations of peoples and States."

But is it not equally serious to make such accusations against the newspapers of friendly countries and allow them to go unanswered?

I will make you a fair offer. If you will give me full details, supported by facts, of any British newspaper reports which you claim are false and distorted, I will investigate them and undertake not only to publish your allegations, but also to answer them as fully and frankly as possible.

Only by fair and free discussions of such differences can the relations between our two countries be preserved and strengthened.—JOHN BULL.

Wells Free Church Council,

Wells, Somerset

GENTLEMEN,—I respect your views, but I'm glad you have not succeeded in stopping Sunday shows at the only cinema in your city of 5,000 inhabitants.

It would do religion no good if you forced people to chapel or church through sheer boredom. It is certain that, if you deny entertainment to the young, they will get into mischief.

Christianity's strength is in its positive message. You would weaken it by reducing it to a negative creed of "Thou shalt nots."—JOHN BULL.

Air Marshal Sir Leslie Gossage,

Director-General, Air Training Corps

DEAR SIR,—The A.T.C. is collapsing under you. At its peak it was 200,000 strong. It provided the R.A.F. with first-class pilots and crews. Now it is shrunken and despondent, with, perhaps, no more than 30,000 members, and its trained cadets being diverted into the Army.

Local commanders tell me that the chief trouble is lack of a peace time policy. Their junior officers and cadets alike are uncertain whether the Corps is to be continued.

You have, I believe, been conferring with other high officers on this matter since war ended. When can we expect a decision?—JOHN BULL.

Lord Rosebery,

Dalmeny, West Lothian

MY LORD,—You have, I think, a taste for irony. To satisfy it, you have only to look at the two sites you sold last year—one for housing, the other for naval warehouses.

All is quiet on the first frontage. Not a brick is laid nor a hammer heard. But less than a mile away the naval warehouses are taking gaunt shape. Steel by the trainload, glass by the acre, cement by the ton, bricks by the thousand are being used.

The Silent Service must be served, it seems, though war's end and the atomic bomb have reduced its needs and there are thousands of homeless in Scotland.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

STEAM UP!

SOMEONE ONCE SAID that "most people lead lives of quiet frustration." Now that, probably true enough, is something that needs explaining.

No one ought to have to lead a life of frustration, quiet or otherwise.

A great deal of the trouble is undoubtedly our own fault. We inevitably feel frustrated if we allow our ambitions to soar away beyond our capabilities. So we shall if we live continually on our emotions; if we hanker after the past and fear the future; if we let worry get the upper hand of us; if we try to run away from life.

You see, we so often have the wrong outlook on life. We so often take such a queer and unjustified view of our circumstances.

Any engineer will tell you that power can only be developed against pressure. And when you feel the pressure of life against you, that is the time for you to see just where you can use the power that you are inevitably developing as you resist that pressure. Only if you fail to find a way of using it will you feel frustration.

What this all boils down to is that we should never fret and fume at the way we think life is treating us until we have had an honest look at the way we are treating life.

It is most likely that people who are "leading lives of quiet frustration" are not taking advantage of their opportunities. The cure is to do something. Power is no use until it is used.

There is something everyone can do. The problem is to find it. The trouble is most people are too lazy to look.

Argument

SHOULD WE END PARTY POLITICS?

Yes

1. The Party system is bad in principle. It means the country is run by only a section of the community. It keeps the nation permanently disunited.

2. It proved unworkable in the moments of our gravest peril. Both Great Wars were won by Coalition Governments.

3. It weakens Britain's prestige abroad by creating an impression that Government action is not backed solidly by public opinion. Both the Kaiser and Hitler banked on Party disagreement preventing Britain from going to war.

4. It tempts Governments to go in for quick, showy results instead of long-term planning.

5. It hampers trade because businessmen cannot rely on changing economic policies. Industry, too, is impeded by unpredictable changes.

6. It forces the voter to support a candidate he considers unsuitable. Putting Party before personality risks filling Parliament with second-rate politicians.

7. It cramps the style of M.P.s by compelling them to follow the correct Party "line," sometimes against their own convictions.

No

1. The Party system is the only safeguard against Dictatorship. It ensures that minorities shall have their views heard.

2. It made emergency war-time Coalitions workable by ensuring that Party interests and opinions were represented in the Government, and not suppressed. Coalition Governments are formed by Party co-operation.

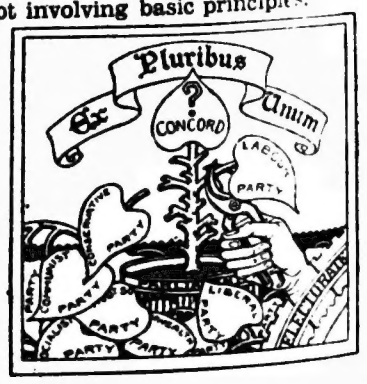
3. It is Party politics, as the expression of Britain's tradition of free opinion, that is fundamentally responsible for Britain's great name in the world.

4. It makes for well-founded planning, and, through the Crown, ensures continuity of action. Subsequent Governments may modify, but do not often abrogate, laws made by their predecessors.

5. It helps trade by ensuring that all sectional problems and interests shall be considered on their merits. It guarantees that trade is not subjected to the will of the State.

6. It enables the voter to know what he is voting for. He does not rely on the promises of an individual.

7. It helps the politician in the House, especially the newcomer, by giving Party backing to his views. As a lone fighter, he would probably go unheard. It leaves him free to vote as he pleases on questions not involving basic principles.



MILLIONS FOR THE MIDDLEMAN

Mrs. Brown stands in the shopping queue. There is a shortage. She does not complain unduly. But does she know that pounds from her purse are massing huge profits for the middleman?

FROM THE FARMER to your shopping bag. From the pit-head to your fire grate. From the milk churn to your tea-cup. How much do you pay the middlemen who carry out these distribution and transport services for you?

Recently the *Times* said: "Prices have been driven up by some hundreds per cent. on the way from the producer or importer to the consumer."

Lord Woolton, big business man and Minister of Food in the Churchill Government, was forced to the same conclusion. He said: "Retail and distributive trades represent one of the most expensive and luxurious factors in our national life."

Not long ago Mr. Hudson, when he was Minister of Agriculture, said that it cost £850,000,000 to distribute food worth £650,000,000.

And you, Mrs. Brown, have to pay 5½d. for a pound of brussels sprouts. No wonder you grumble that they are too dear.

Mrs. Brown, Lord Woolton, the *Times*, and Mr. Hudson are all saying the same thing—retail prices are excessive, and the main cause is the high cost of distribution.

I have made inquiries into distribution charges on three staple goods—green vegetables, coal, and milk.

They Won't Talk

It is difficult to get precise figures People who know won't talk. Those who talk often haven't got the facts.

Government Departments were willing to help. But they just hadn't got all the important statistics and other information that I needed.

So I had to follow the whole distribution process through, step by step, myself.

Let's go back to Mrs. Brown and her sprouts. She grumbles about the price. What she probably doesn't realise is that the farmer who grew those vegetables is grumbling as well. She has paid too much—he received too little.

She paid 5½d. a pound. He received 3d. a pound. The distributors pocketed the other 2½d.

Charges are even higher for the distribution of autumn cabbages. The farmer gets a little under 1¼d. a pound. We pay 3d. a pound, the controlled price, in the shops. The other 1¾d. goes to the distributor.

How does the cost of distribution price become so excessive?

The grower is paid 11s. a hundredweight for his cabbages. The first of the middlemen, the primary wholesaler, takes his profit—that lifts the price up to 13s. 9d.

Then the secondary wholesaler steps in—this time the price jumps up to 17s 3d. a hundredweight. On top of this come the charges for carriage and the retailer's profit. Soon the price has reached 28s. a hundredweight.

It has cost 17s. to distribute and sell cabbages for which the producer received 11s. The farmers and the customers complain. There is no fuss from the middlemen.

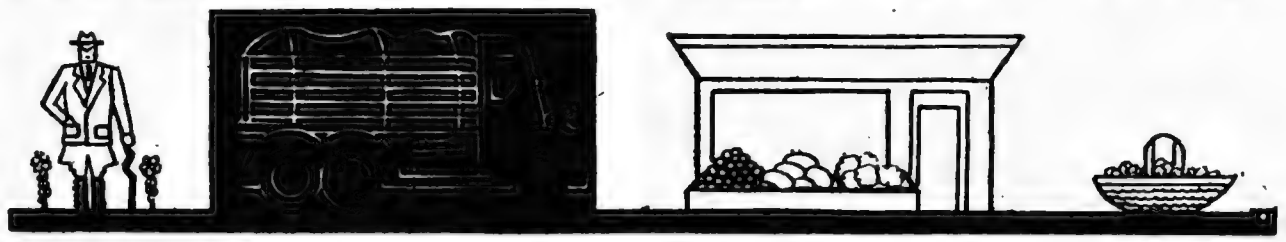
Does the same thing apply to coal? It does.

Coal shows a similar increase here, but it is better hidden. To keep retail prices down, coal production has been subsidised by the Government to the extent of £26,000,000.

But, even so, "Derby Brights" will cost you £3 18s. a ton in London. The pit-head price of that same coal is £2 2s.

Once again distribution is responsible for a considerable proportion of the final cost. In this case the railways claim 16s. and the distributors £1 a ton.

If you buy Coalite smokeless fuel in London you pay £5 a ton. How much of that goes to the distributors? I tried to find out, but the official at the Ministry of Fuel was unable—or unwilling—to help me.


The farmer gets 11s. per cwt., or 1½d. per lb., for his cabbages
To this add the cost of transport, varying according to distance and the method of carriage used
By the time wholesalers have taken their profits, the cabbages, are then priced at 17s. 3d. per cwt.
You, Mrs. Housewife, pay the retailer 28s. pe cwt., or 3d per lb.
Pithead price in Nottinghamshire is £2 2s. 0d. per ton
It costs approximately 16s. per ton to send the coal by rail transport to the London area
Wholesalers' and retailers' profits, plus delivery costs, amount to approximately £1 per ton
You, Mr. Householder, pay £3 18s. 0d. per ton to your coal dealer
For milk leaving the farm, the farmer is paid 2s. 3½d. per gallon
By motor-tank to the wholesale dairy costs are heavy, but vary considerably in different areas
The wholesale price to the dairy is 2s. 1¾d. per gallon, which is less than the farmer is paid
The milk on your doorstep costs 3s. per gallon—by subsidies

Before the war people in the South were paying 50s. to 55s. for a ton of coal costing from 21s. to 24s. at the pit-head. About 30s. on each ton went into the pockets of the distributors and carriers.

Now about milk. Does it show the same high distribution costs?

The answer is Yes. But the issue is complicated by the fact that huge subsidies have kept the retail price of milk down. About £20,000,000 of the taxpayers' money will be spent in this way during the current year; for example:

The London housewife pays 4½d. a pint for her milk, which is 3s. a gallon. The wholesale price is 2s. 1¾d. a gallon.

But that 10¼d. difference by no means covers the distribution charges. That's where the subsidy comes in. You can imagine how high the price would be if that subsidy were removed.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that dairy farmers need a little encouragement. That is why you often find that the price paid to the farmer is more than the wholesale price. The farmer may get 2s. 3½d. for milk which is sold wholesale at 2s. 1¾d. The difference is, of course, made up by the subsidy.

Doubtless this eases the position for the producers, but at the same time it probably encourages the middleman. In 1944 subsidies on food alone were £181,000,000.

We have examined three commodities vital to the life of the community. Each one passes through innumerable hands before it reaches the consumer. And the consumer pays for this.

What's more, whether you are buying a cabbage or a frying-pan or a fur coat, the distributor's fee is always present in the price. His activities may be away from the public gaze, but his bill is never missing.

Expensive Luxury

Britain can't afford to fritter away her resources in this needless expenditure. It is a luxury which no one appreciates but the distributors themselves.

The whole system of present-day distribution is inefficient. The problem needs immediate and thorough investigation.

First, the public should be told how much of its money—whether in the form of subsidies or high prices—goes to the producer, and how much to the distributor.

Then it is up to the Ministries of Food, of Fuel and Power, and the Board of Trade to act quickly and decisively to shorten the paths by which goods reach the public.

HARRY FOWLER.

MENACE OF "COLOUR" GANGS

Distress among coloured seamen has caused, not only in dockland areas but in the centre of London, gang fights and serious crimes against property and persons. HANNEN SWAFFER points out a most glaring scandal

One of the gravest of London's post-war problems is caused by the armed men of all races who, deserters, stowaways, or homeless down-and-outs, make the streets perilous.

They plan hold-ups. They rob shops at the revolver's point. They have even begun what may become gang warfare.

Deserters from the various armies, without money and ration cards, are forced to resort to crime in order to get food. The police force is too small to cope with them. Matters have become worse because of the way in which certain foreign shipping companies are evading their responsibilities to coloured seamen they signed on abroad.

Sleeping in Shelters

Some are Negroes from African ports; others are coloured men from the West Indies. Mixed up with these are men who, unable to find work in West African ports, hid themselves on board ships coming to Britain and now consider they have a right to subsistence.

So scandalously small is the hostel accommodation provided for seamen awaiting repatriation that, in the East End, scores are sleeping in surface shelters or drifting about the streets without means of support.

As a direct consequence, fights take place nightly. Cable Street, a Stepney thoroughfare which the coloured seamen call "Bluefoot Alley," is the scene of grave disturbances.

According to law, seamen signed on overseas must be maintained by the shipping companies who engaged them until they are found work or until they are returned to their homes. But, in the case of some of the firms, all responsibilities are evaded. So as many as 300 of these destitute coloured men are drifting about the East End.

"We Are British"

Then there are the stowaways—black men who come here, mostly from Jamaica, where they say conditions are terrible, or from Freetown or Lagos, claiming right to subsistence.

"We are British" is the sort of thing you hear from their lips. "You won't let us work where we belong. So we've come to take it out of you here!"

Some are cunning. Some are obstinate in their demands. Others are almost childlike in their simplicity.

One coloured sailor who arrived from Freetown about a month ago was so grateful when the police behaved fairly about a charge of theft made against him that he knelt down to kiss their feet. He had reverted to the custom of his tribe.

But these Africans, I am told, are generally the worst. When

Hannen Swaffer takes up the cause of coloured seamen stranded in London

accommodation is not found for them, they use such phrases as "This country belongs to me," or "These buildings are built for us."

The West Indians are better educated, and more amenable. But even they are being "picked up" by the police, sometimes a dozen all at once, for throwing dice on the pavement. Frequently this street gambling leads to fights in which bystanders get involved.

Innocent Victims

Not all the coloured seamen, however, are to blame. They are innocent victims of artful shipping companies who evade the law and refuse them wages to which, under the Merchant Shipping Act, they are legally entitled.

It is on behalf of the decent seamen that I appeal to the Colonial Office to see that justice is done.

It is on behalf of the public generally that I demand that the whole situation should be cleared up.

Yet, it must be remembered, many of these seamen—whatever may be their faults—were machine-gunned and dive-bombed during the war while they brought us food and vital supplies.

Heroes then, they cannot now merely be classed as criminals. They have a sense of grievance. Besides, they have heard of the grim happenings in the docks after the last war, when, at a time of acute distress, and when coloured seamen were being signed on at the expense of better-paid Britons, blacks and whites fought matters out and even used firearms against each other.

The stories about this repeated by the older men have filled the minds of the youngsters with the idea that this sort of thing will occur again.

So they buy revolvers and automatics in readiness for the worst. They purchase them from G.I.s for £5 or so. Then, armed, they use the revolvers whenever any trouble starts—in a row over a dice game, a quarrel over a woman, or in a fit of passion or temper caused by drugs or drink.

One night last week there was a gang fight between African and West Indian seamen in the East End. A café was wrecked and several men were badly injured.

Next morning, a seaman from Trinidad was sentenced to four years' penal servitude at the Old Bailey for shooting at a policeman in a turning off "Bluefoot Alley."

There are only two of many such cases.

Revolver Fights

Not only the East End is affected. Recently there were three different revolver fights between coloured men in the Soho neighbourhood in the early hours of one Sunday morning. In these, passers-by were injured.

A club for coloured men in this district is a cause of trouble. Late at night it is wise to keep away from Charing Cross Road north of Cambridge Circus. And it is in the heart of London!

Mind you, the Colonial Office is faced with difficulties caused by shortage of housing accommodation. In many cases misery has been prevented because of its efforts; but, despite that, the treatment of coloured seamen is of a standard much lower than that enjoyed by the whites.

And the number of destitute seamen in London is growing, because, unable to find work in the docks at Cardiff and Liverpool, scores of fresh ones pour into the Metropolis as the days pass.

Left Friendless

More, it is the duty of the Colonial Office to insist on the shipping companies maintaining and repatriating seamen they have signed on in foreign ports.

The fact that, so soon after a war in which they helped to save this country, hundreds of men have been tricked, deluded and left friendless on British soil far from their homes, is nothing short of a national scandal.

It is no use blaming the coloured men. They are the victims of an iniquitous system. Few people of any race could escape a life of crime and rebellious hostility if they were left destitute on alien soil.

A post-war world has many problems. This is one that affects all of us.

I WONDER WHETHER the men and women who compose our Government realise how much we expect from them.

And I wonder how many of us who voted for those men and women realise how much our Government has a right to expect from *us*.

The reason I've been wondering is that nearly everyone I meet nowadays seems to be wondering, too. And many people seem already full of misgivings.

To those of us who stop to think it seems silly for anyone to expect an immediate improvement in our living conditions after six years of destructive war. Yet many people do. They argue that they fought the war to make a better world, and then they elected a new Government to make sure of it. And now things are seemingly just as bad, if not worse. So they feel they've been cheated again.

The trouble is that a lot of us forget that changing the Government doesn't automatically change everything else. A change of Government, *by itself*, will no more give us better conditions than a change in the management of a soap factory will necessarily give us better soap.

If we want soap of any sort, we've got to set to work and make it. Changing the factory management may give us the opportunity to make better soap. Changing the Government may give us the opportunity to build a better country. But it can only give us the opportunity. We've got to do the actual work ourselves.

All my life I seem to have been listening to two gospels—or, rather, two sides of a never-ending argument.

A Vicious Circle

One man says we can't have a better life until we've changed the political system. The other man says you can't change the system until you've changed human behaviour. To which the first man replies that you can't hope to change human behaviour until you've changed the system. And so it goes on.

But at this present moment one thing stands out clearly. By electing a Labour Government a majority of the people has shown a strong desire to change the system.

And if you can't change the system without changing human behaviour, and you can't change human behaviour without changing the system, the only thing to do is to try changing both together. It's our one chance of pulling it off.

Of course, you can't change human behaviour in five minutes. It's much more difficult than putting a cross on a ballot paper.

But you can't change the system in five minutes, either. Both changes will have to be a gradual process—spread out over the years. And both changes, it seems to me, will have to take place *simultaneously*—or they won't take place at all.

The changing of the system is a job for the

Our job didn't finish at the ballot-box

A TOUGH JOB—BUT WE CAN DO IT

Britain is impatient. Many expect a tailor-made Utopia from a five months-old Government. Don't sit back and wait for miracles. Only our hard work, courage and behaviour can bring us the things we dream about

by HERBERT HODGE

Government, which is getting on with it. The changing of human behaviour is a job for you and me And the most urgent place to begin, I think, is right in the workshop or office; because that's where the success or failure of our new system will be decided. And without that success —without the food, clothing, and shelter which depend on it—we can't hope to have any other kind of success.

The best way to start on our problem of human behaviour, it seems to me, is to start by forgetting some of our old pre-war habits of thought. For instance, the feeling we used to have always at the back of our minds that the harder we worked, the sooner we put ourselves out of a job. We can forget that now.

We most of us take a pride in doing a good job. Now we've got the opportunity to give that pride full vent; to go all out, secure in the knowledge that every extra bit of energy and skill we put into the job is going to benefit the whole community, and incidentally ourselves.

Of course, there's always the risk, during the transition period, that a management will take advantage of a willing worker to squeeze bigger profits out of him. But that's a risk we've got to take—in order to give our new system its chance of success. And, in any case, it's only a temporary risk. The sooner we get our country on its feet, the sooner we shall be able to take effective Government action to prevent that sort of thing.

Take the Risk

We who have been daily risking our lives these past six years to win a destructive war can surely afford to risk the wholehearted giving of our labour power to win a constructive Peace.

In this, it seems to me, our Government could take a tip from Russia, and give the outstanding worker some public honour.

It's all very well to harp on the profit motive, and the incentive of higher wages. But there's far more in human nature than that. If there wasn't, life wouldn't be worth living.

We most of us value the respect of our neighbours and fellow-workers far above a few extra shillings in the wage-packet—however much we may need those shillings. And few of us could ask for a greater reward than that our fellow-men should honour us for work well done.

I've never looked upon myself as a dewy-eyed idealist. You can't drive a London cab for a living (as I've done for a good many years) without losing most of your youthful illusions about human nature. But for my part, I'm continually being surprised. Not by the stupidity and folly of mankind—which I've learned to expect—but by the deep and fundamental goodness in nearly every man and woman I meet.

Admittedly, that goodness is sometimes well below the surface.

And it seems to me that if we want to make a success of our present political experiment, we've got to begin by tapping that goodness and getting it flowing full spate into industry.

I've been talking here about the worker, because I know the worker's side best. But the same thing, of course, applies to management.

The two pitfalls of management will be the profits-first habit on the one hand, and the war-time "cost-plus" on the other. There, again, our new set-up demands a completely new attitude. An approach to the job in the interests of the job itself; a plan for maximum efficiency in terms of usefulness to the community.

Those "working parties," containing representatives of management, workers and Government, which Sir Stafford Cripps has set up in several industries already, are an important move in this direction. It's a pity they haven't been given more publicity.

Then there's the knotty question of discipline. I believe our whole future as a democratic nation may hang on that one question alone.

Before the war the employer enforced discipline on the worker by the threat of the sack. During the war the Government enforced discipline by means of the Essential Work Order.

Under our new set-up we want to remove the old fear of the sack by a policy of full employment. Yet, at the same time, most of us want to see the end of the Essential Work Order. What, then, are we going to do about discipline? Some kind of discipline we must have if we are going to run large undertakings successfully.

As a young man I was a fairly explosive type. I prided myself—rightly or wrongly—that I didn't take any old buck from anybody The result was that I often found myself out on the street. So I feel I know all about the harsh, often unjust, and arbitrary powers of the sack. Especially in the hands of the more ignorant type of foreman.

But, looking back on it now, I feel that even putting that power into the hands of the individual foreman was better than putting it in the hands of a Government official. We don't want a schoolmarm Government, laying down the law to us during every moment of our working lives. That way lies Dictatorship and the Slave State—disguise it with what labels you may

No. I feel the only kind of discipline that will work satisfactorily in our new system is self-discipline.

The ideal, of course, is self-discipline by the individual. But few of us are yet fit to be trusted that far. I very much doubt if we ever will be. I certainly wouldn't be prepared to trust myself to that extent. Not day in, day out, from one year's end to another. We are too much creatures of our moods.

Pulling Our Weight

The only satisfactory method of self-discipline, for most of us, is group self-discipline. The essence of democracy is that every man shall be judged by his equals. If discipline must be enforced, as it must, let our fellow-workers do it.

No one knows better than a man's workmates when he isn't pulling his full weight.

It all adds up to this. A Socialist Government is nothing without a Socialist People. A Democracy is nothing without Democrats. We found it easy enough to change our Government at the ballot-box. It was just a matter of making our mark. By putting that mark against the name of the Socialist candidate, we expressed our faith in the Socialist principle. Now we're faced with the harder task of living up to that principle.

It's a tough job. No doubt of that. Probably the toughest job we've ever tackled.

But I've never yet met a good workman who didn't glory in a tough job. No matter what he said about it. Our toughest job of work is our greatest opportunity.

It seems to me, too, that this is our last opportunity. If we fumble it, I doubt if those of us of this generation will ever get another.

We wanted a new social order. We elected Labour.

Now human behaviour must line-up with our ideals.

FREE SPEECH

OFFICERS: Do They Fail in Business?

Plays for shift-workers. N.A.A.F.I.'s low wages. Cigarette cards wanted again. Tale of two tin-openers. Priority customers. The milkman doesn't starve your baby

"WANTED, POSITION OF TRUST. Used to handling men. Would accept £800 a year, rising according to ability."

That is one of several advertisements I have seen lately from people who evidently consider themselves supermen because they have been officers in the Forces. I would enjoy watching some of them earning their £800 and handling large numbers of men without the backing of King's Regulations. They would find the little dictatorial methods acquired in the Services would not cut much ice in business.—EX-CORPORAL, C.M.H., Truro, Cornwall.

IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED that ex-officers should be given preference over other ranks in the allocation of executive and administrative jobs in civil life. Employers ought not to be taken in. My experience as a manager, and in the Army, has taught me that not one officer in ten has more than a boy's idea of organisation as it is understood in the business world. A knowledge of firearms and a parade-ground voice are not enough.—L/BDR. R. W. W., S.E.A.C.

Early Doors, Please

THE B.B.C. broadcasts plays round about 10 p.m., which means that the three-shift worker can very seldom hear one. I suggest that they should sometimes be broadcast between 7 and 9 p.m. —A. COODE, 83, North Hill Road, Swansea.

They Live Apart

BECAUSE OF THE SHORTAGE of houses my wife and I are separated. My wife has two aunts who would let us use two of their rooms, but they say we must provide our own coal. We must have coal, as we have a six-months-old baby.

But we have been turned down at the local fuel office because my wife is related to the owners of the house we hoped to live in. So we remain parted. —DISGUSTED WELSHMAN. (Name and address enclosed.)

N.A.A.F.I. Turned Down

N.A.A.F.I. HAVE BEEN advertising for staff. I recently applied, and at an interview was told that the wages were 47s. 6d. a week, plus 24s. lodging allowance if working away from home.

I can quite understand the staff shortage. I am still out of work.—G. PICKERING, 69, Shakespeare Road, Fleetwood, Lancs.

Santa Cripps

WHAT A PART cigarette-cards have played in the lives of children. They are of great educational value and have given universal pleasure. Chubby urchins prefer a handful of "fag-cards" to a wooden horse.

Mr. President of the Board of Trade, our children have had six years of denial and restraint. They have lived their short lives amid bombs, guns, fear and hate. Be a good Father Christmas and let us have cigarette-cards back.—O. H. KIRTLAND, 62, Cardinals Walk, Leicester.

Report on Utility

I AM A WAR-TIME BRIDE, so that, apart from a little furniture which I received from the family, I have had to rely on "Utility." The bed-springs bent while the vanmen were unloading. Three months after purchase I had to pay a joiner to put the dining-room chairs together, as they had collapsed. My little child knelt on one and uncovered the cardboard inside.

I alone use the fireside chair, and, although I weigh only just over eight stone, the springs are nearly on the floor. The £53 I spent is mostly represented by junk in the lumber room. It's

"Looks like we're in for another white Christmas"

"Nearly on the floor"

there for anyone who wants to find out about Utility furniture.—MRS. K. R., Corellin Street, Barrow-in-Furness.

Sharing the Burden

RECENTLY ONE OF OUR cookhouses found that two tin-openers were needed. They were ordered from the quartermaster, who promptly set to work.

Two troop-carrying vehicles were ordered and the storeman, along with five employed Germans, were detailed to collect the tin-openers and deliver them. They successfully bore the burden.—CPL. J., B.A.O.R. (Name and address enclosed.)

Signs of the Times

A HASTINGS HOTEL has been named the "G.I." in honour of the American soldiers. Could we not have a few of the new public-houses named after great episodes in the war?

"The Men of Arnhem" occurs to me as a good name. And what about "The Warden," or "The Auxiliary Fireman"? —T. S. P., Shrewsbury.

That's the Ticket

SO MUCH OF the housewife's time is spent queueing these days that any idea to improve the situation is welcome.

A large departmental store in Surrey has made a start.

Some of the assistants have a number of "purchase tickets" which they issue to various customers they see making a purchase. These entitle the holder to obtain a pair of fully fashioned silk stockings or shoes, on the day printed on the ticket. These items are then sold to ticket holders only.

Such a system has a three-fold advantage. The ticket-holder can go along at any time and make her purchase without queueing. It avoids disappointment, and the store has ensured that short-supply commodities are going to customers who make other purchases in the store.—L. CAERS, Hinchley Wood, Surrey.

Disgusting Relics

HANNEN SWAFFER'S article on the railwaymen, "Men Behind Huge Profits" (JOHN BULL, November 24) interested me because I work for one of the main line railways and know conditions that are disgusting relics of a bygone age.

One shop has had electric light installed in the last fortnight, not because the management is interested in the welfare of employees, but because one of the craftsmen smashed his thumb, as the gas lighting was a dark illusion. The shop is said to be a hundred years old. The fumes from the coke forge are blown right across whenever the door is opened. The lavatories are about 150 yards away. The place is noisy and dirty.

I do not blame the management entirely. I blame the men for not getting together with their unions to see that the mess is cleared up.—H. K. (Name and address enclosed.)

Gastronomic Excursion

OUT SHOPPING last week I was infuriated to see a huge cat fast asleep on a butcher's cutting-up slab, with his paw resting across a pile of sausages. Beyond stroking the animal, no one attempted to move it—or the sausages.

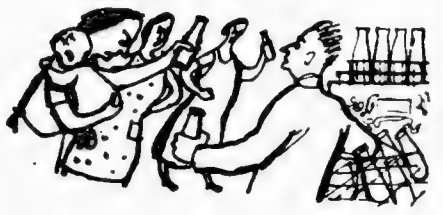
Further on I watched a street sweeper busy at his job. On the pavement trays of cakes and bread were stacked. Ten minutes later these were taken into the shop, and the bread tipped into a corner.

I went into a café and, mercifully, had only a cup of tea. Opposite me a soldier, quite unperturbed, brushed a cockroach off his bread and butter. On the wall behind him a small notice stated "Best horseflesh served here"!—JEAN HARRIS, Millington Crescent, S.E.1.

Milk of Unkindness

I AM A MILKMAN and—according to some of my customers—I am also a rogue, a thief and a starver of women's babies. I was not old enough to have been concerned in the 1914 war, or, I dare say, I should be blamed for that. As it is, I am supposed to have started the war against the Nazis.

The fact that I have served four years



"Not his fault"

this time, and have been discharged unfit, is ignored by the housewives in their daily attacks on the doorstep.

These women should realise that the milkman is not a food official and that it is not his fault that milk is scarce and hedged round with all manner of regulations.—WM. G., Manchester.

Apple-Pie Order

MY HUSBAND is back home after five years in the Army. It is wonderful to have him, but some of these Army customs do not fit into the domestic scene.

I cannot get my husband to keep his shaving tackle in the bathroom. He stacks it tidily on top of his clean shirts. And, when I was out the other day, he made the bed in the Army style—all very neat, with the blankets folded according to regulations, but it wasn't much help!—MRS. BOOTHBY, Halifax, Yorks.

Coal Comfort

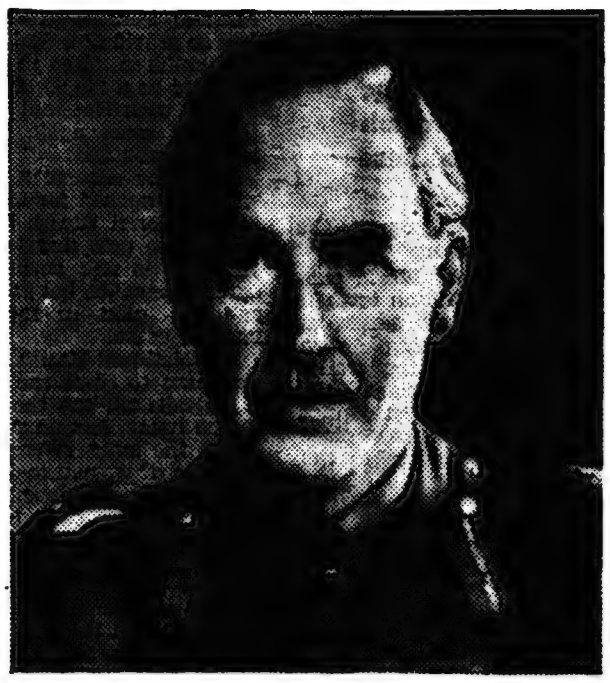
HAVING BEEN THROWN out of work like hundreds of others, and not liking to be on the dole, I have been to three pits to try to get a job. I am willing to work underground and have had eleven years' service.

But I am still refused work, though I am perfectly fit. I wonder whether all people who are short of coal realise this can happen.—M. J., Houghton-le-Spring, County Durham. (Name and address enclosed.)

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

THERE'S A WAR ON IN PALESTINE

The country looks like an armed camp, says WILLI FRISCHAUER, whose exclusive dispatch throws new light on the grave problem of Palestine. Vital to Britain, in this Mid-East hot-spot, are the naval and air bases linking us with our dependencies in the Far East



Sir Alan Cunningham, newly appointed High Commissioner for Palestine. His task starts with a call for co-operation between Jewish and Arab leaders

The Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, Arab leader who collaborated with Axis. He is "held in reserve" by Allied Powers, who may require a strong personality

BLOOD IS FLOWING in the Holy Land. There's a war on in Palestine in which British troops, the fine fellows of the Sixth Airborne Division, the Guards and numerous other regiments are involved; a war which threatens the units of the Royal Air Force stationed around the big air base at Lydda and in other parts of the country.

From what I heard and saw during a three weeks' stay in Palestine I believe that the small and big conflagrations in Jerusalem, Tel-Aviv, Jaffa and Haifa, along the coast and in the interior, may quickly mount up into a fully fledged civil war in which British troops will have to fight and die.

It must be stopped. But one of the indispensable preliminaries to political and military action on the spot is a major operation to disperse the propaganda fog in which the local issues are shrouded.

It is impossible for an independent observer to discuss both sides of the respective Jew-Arab case in Palestine if he is liable to be accused of anti-semitism whenever he voices disagreement with the Zionist policy. It is undignified if he has to produce at any moment, so to speak, proof of his Gentile ancestry to all Arabs, who stamp every dissentist from their views as a "Jew."

Ambiguous Policy

One of the first troubles is that the British writ does not run far enough in Palestine.

British officials on the spot, obviously suffer from the past politics of successive British Governments. And it is quite true that the British record in Palestine is highly vulnerable to criticism.

But before anything can be done to improve it—and the present Government has shown every intention of improving it—the ambiguity of previous pronouncements must be frankly admitted.

You cannot get away from it! The Balfour Declaration is a document which appears to favour Jewish aspirations in black and white. To quibble over details and interpretations now is much too late.

Military police in Jerusalem. We must maintain peace and quiet in Palestine until international action can be taken

The Jews have made up their mind about what to read into the Declaration. To them, it sounded like a guarantee of a future autonomous and sovereign Jewish State. The Arabs, on the other hand, emphasise the paragraph which makes provision for the "protection of the rights of the existing population" and they interpret it obviously as a safeguard against Jewish attempts to turn their thirteen-century majority by artificial means into a minority. They appear equally justified when they quote the agreement between Sir Henry MacMahon and King Hussein—or the promises of Lawrence of Arabia, which confer on them as many rights as the Jews claim for themselves.

Majority Deadlock

There is, believe me, no way out of this dilemma even though the Arabs take a more conciliatory attitude now and their leaders have told me that they would like to join in a round-table conference to thrash out the problem. But when it comes to a decision about an Arab or Jewish majority in Palestine the Arabs will prove to be as adamant as the Jews.

What is to be done? Sir Alan Cunningham, the gallant member of the family of "five fighting Cunninghams," newly appointed High Commissioner, has started out on his new task with a call for co-operation, with an appeal to apply methods of conciliation. What else could he do? I would not be an honest reporter if I did not say here and now that he has little chance of bringing about such co-operation by persuasion.

The people of Palestine, the Jews in particular, are in an ugly mood.

The Arabs of Palestine, on the other hand, deprived of their leader—the Mufti of Jerusalem who collaborated with Hitler and Mussolini during the war—are being exploited by Arab leaders all over the Middle East as a sort of "Sudeten-Arab" group around whom Arab nationalist feelings can be revived.

Their hopes are encouraged by the fact that the Mufti, unlike other collaborators, is not being brought to trial, but appears to be "held in reserve" by the Allied Powers for further use if a strong Arab personality is needed to oppose the claims of the Jewish Agency in Palestine.

International Task

Is there a way out? The task of British Palestine policy—while the Jewish problem is being examined on an international scale and final policy is being determined—is to maintain peace and quiet in Palestine at all costs, even if it means acting as ruthlessly against Jewish political rowdies as the Government acted against the Arabs in 1936-1939.

Plans for the development of the Negeb, the desert region at present inhabited by only a few thousand Bedouins, must go ahead at the same time.

It seems unfortunate that this initiative can only be taken while force is being used to maintain order. But you must not confuse Palestine and conditions in the Holy Land with those in a pre-war peaceful European community.

As I said at the outset—*there's a war on in Palestine!* The country looks like an armed camp. At least a hundred thousand of its million - odd inhabitants are well armed, trained in the use of modern weapons.

Take this indisputable fact in conjunction with the strategic importance of Palestine to Britain.

Large units of the British Mediterranean Fleet use Haifa as a base. Lydda aerodrome is perhaps the most vital air junction between these islands and the British Empire dependencies in the Far East. The future of the Middle East depends, for the moment, on the British positions in Palestine.

If you will have the unvarnished truth as a disinterested observer sees it—Britain cannot permit any nonsense in Palestine while this situation continues.

ARE MARRIED WOMEN STILL SLAVES?

The question sounds absurd in this age of sex equality. But here are some startling facts about existing laws which make a wife's savings illegal, and may leave her penniless

SHE WAS A LITTLE, grey-haired woman with a squint. At first she was rather overwhelmed by the judge, the court, and all the trappings of the law.

But when she heard the verdict that day she came to her feet, bristled in the most surprising manner, and announced very firmly: "It's wicked—that's what it is. I saved the money. It's mine, and you, sir,"—here she raised her bag and gestured at the judge—"know it!"

Alas, it did her no good. The law was the law, and it could not be chopped and changed to suit the convenience of every elderly lady, no matter how thrifty.

But if ever there was a law which *caused* more injustice than it *cured*, it was this one.

Ten years before the lady with the squint had married a greengrocer. For the following seven years she managed to put aside from her housekeeping money a few shillings a week until she had saved £145. By now it had become clear that the marriage was not a success, and three years later they agreed to part.

At once the question of the savings cropped up. The husband insisted that the money was his, but his wife wasn't letting him get away with that. Finally he sued her for the £145, and then, to the wife's amazement, she found that the law was on her husband's side.

She may have scraped and saved, she may have sacrificed her clothes and given up the cinema in order to get her little nest-egg and feel secure against the outside world, but because the law took no account of these things all her efforts were useless.

The Married Women's Property Act was not to be gainsaid. The money still belonged to the husband.

This remarkable Act was passed in 1882. To-day, over sixty years later, it remains unchanged. Under this law any money paid to a wife in the form of housekeeping money remains the husband's property. Even when a wife's thrift produces a nest-egg from it, the savings still belong to the husband.

A new book, *Women and Work*, published by Nicholson and Watson in their first-rate "New Democracy" series, at 5s., deals, strictly speaking, with women's place in the working world. But, as Mrs. Gertrude Williams, the authoress of the book, says, you cannot completely divorce women's new place in industry from her old place in the home.

Back to Last Century

Once upon a time married women were tied to the home, their children, and the domestic round. In those days the Married Women's Property Act appeared. It was an Act which put every tithe of property into the husband's hands, even down to the clothes which his wife was wearing.

But in those days the whole attitude to the married woman was different. Unless she had money of her own, she was entirely dependent on her husband's kindness in supplying her with food, shelter and clothes.

She might have a regular allowance of "pocket money" from her husband, but it was not unknown for women to have to beg from their husbands even an odd shilling or so for some trivial personal item.

The woman's place was in the home, and there she was expected to stay. It was no part of life in those days that married women should be independent, should travel about unescorted, or get jobs and earn some money for themselves.

To-day, women have broken with the old traditions, and many married women go out to work. Far larger numbers contribute in some way to the family income.

On the working level, in short, their place in the social scheme has changed completely. On the legal level, they remain largely where they were in 1882, which was very close to serfdom.

Take the case of a woman parted from her husband and given the custody of the children. You would have thought that the law would recognise that she now shouldered a heavy responsibility. You would have thought that she qualified for some of the facilities normally given to married people, such as income tax allowances.

In actual fact, it would be illegal for the Inland Revenue to grant her the Married Persons' allowances. She now has to provide for and bring up perhaps two children. Yet in law she must be assessed as a single person.

Even with National Health insurance, the law once again goes against the married woman.

Take the case of a woman of thirty who has worked for ten years and paid into National Health insurance all that time. She gets married. For the first year she is still entitled to Health insurance benefits, but after that, although she has paid in for ten years, the benefits cease.

The National Health insurance scheme continues to cover the working husband if he falls ill, but the wife, who works in the home, has no such protection.

But the only reference to the legal standing of women to-day which I could find in Mrs. Williams' book shows the jobs which are barred to them by law. Now, Mrs. Williams knows her subject intimately. She is a lecturer in economics at the University of London, has written several other books on social problems, and this, her latest book, is a most readable study of women in the working world.

When it comes to putting a particularly difficult situation in a few simple phrases, Mrs. Williams is at her best. For instance, take this brief summing-up: "The most difficult problem for a democracy to solve is the delicate adjustment between the claims of the individual to do as he pleases, and the claims of the community that he should fit into an ordered whole."

Obstacle of Custom

The writer can also condense the significance of a whole chapter into a sentence: "The woman who drives a delivery van, or instals the telephone, or reads the gas meter, could have done these jobs as well before the war if there had not been the obstacle of custom to get over, and even the necessities of war have left the one woman ship's engineer in her solitary glory, though the fact that for some years women have successfully acted as members of a ship's crew in the Soviet merchant service shows that their exclusion is a matter of convention rather than lack of competence."

After all this has been said, it still remains a pity that Mrs. Williams did not go into the legal position of women to-day, because the social and the legal are so closely bound up with one another.

Women may be emancipated in the everyday working world. They may be ready for bigger things in the future. But in the legal world the married woman lags badly behind.

It is true, of course, that the trouble largely centres around the Married Woman's Property Act. This Act needs a complete overhaul which gives the woman, and particularly the married woman, a different standing in the eyes of the law.

On the other hand, it is equally true that men can suffer legally in the same way, because women are no longer so dependent on men as they were fifty years ago, and the law still behaves as if they were.

Who ever, for instance, heard of a man suing his wife for alimony? Yet some wives now earn nearly as much as their husbands.

It is clear that if women are to be given equal pay for equal work, they must also get equal legal status. It is just as clear that men should not be victimised by the same outdated laws.

There has been a great levelling up between the sexes in the everyday world. We now want a levelling up in the legal world.

VINCENT BROME.

The woman who reads a gas-meter, drives a van or instals a telephone, could have done the job just as well before the war

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

Peace in Our Time

HEZEKIAH SHUFFLEBEAM, my Constant Reader, has written to me again. This time he wants information. He wants to know whether there is going to be another war, and, if so, when. Well, I only know what I read in the papers.

THE DAILY BUNGLE. Last night, at a meeting of the Peace It's Wonderful Society, Lord Woffle of Wiffle voiced this stirring call in his forecast of the future of the world: "Hitler foresaw a thousand-year Reich. I foresee, with the mutual aid of the Atlantic Charter, the United Nations Organisation and the Peace It's Wonderful Society, a thousand-year peace."

THE EVENING HEADACHE. During the debates, Sir Berkeley Bluster, ex-Minister of Obstruction and Dehabilitation, said: "Exports are Britain's lifeblood. We must export every single thing we grow, mine, or manufacture. The few things necessary to keep us alive can then be imported. The world must become one vast market-place for British goods. And if people don't want to take our goods, we must make 'em—by war if necessary."

THE DAILY DOZEN. Professor Weed, the eminent scientist, in his lecture "Science for Suckers," announced that the atom bomb will be the greatest force for peace ever invented, because people will not dare to make war. He said the atom would soon be tamed. "I foresee the time," he continued, "when every home will have its atom. This atom, if given a warm corner in the kitchen and fed regularly on dehydrated uranium, will do the washing up, bath the baby, and even bite the postman."

THE SUNDAY BEST. Professor Egg, the eminent scientist, in his lecture "Scientists at Play," announced that the atom bomb placed such power in the hands of nations that it meant certain war in the future. He added, "The only hope for mankind before the next war comes is to burrow—to burrow literally for our lives, and to live permanently underground. Even then, the atom may split the world."

THE DAILY DOPE. Scientists are hard at work developing the power of the atom for peaceful uses such as driving trains and motor-cars.

THE DAILY BUNGLE. Scientists are hard at work developing adequate defences against the atom bomb.

THE EVENING HEADACHE. On being interviewed on the subject of the future of the world, a high official of Associated Plans for Planning Planners stated: "We must plan for peace, not merely ten or twenty, but a hundred years hence."

THE DAILY DOZEN. "Peace is indivisible," said the chief spokesman of International War Arrangements, "and that means that, as far as the next war is concerned, each nation must be equal to, if not ahead of, every other nation. We must sacrifice everything to ensure that our defences are strong enough to attack if necessary."

Summing up. So, Hezekiah, the answer seems to be "Yes, and again, No." My advice is: "Put your trust in God and keep your powder* dry."

* Powdered cyanide is quick and fairly painless.

The wineglass had been picked up in a junk shop in Naples. Uncle Bartelmy delighted to show it off to his two nephews —and only the three of them knew the deadly secret lying hidden in its beauty

by HARRY HEARSON

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

He used to make great play with swirling the wine around the bowl and glancing at us from beneath his bushy eyebrows

TO ME THERE HAS ALWAYS been something evil about the thing. Difficult to explain in words—and contradictory, too—for while it creates a feeling of revulsion, it has a powerful fascination. Somehow I cannot bring myself to pick up the poker and smash the thing once and for all.

Sometimes I wish I'd never seen it—and yet . . .

It seems that Uncle Bartelmy picked it up one day when he was wandering through the back streets of Naples. He had strayed into one of those little shops whose windows are so dirty that they conceal the junk they are supposed to display, and it was while he was poking about among the flotsam and jetsam on the shelves inside that he came across the wineglass.

He was so struck by it that he bought it on the spot. I remember his mentioning, once, in that jocular way of his, that he believed the Fates had had a hand in leading him to it.

Well, the Fates can be grim jokers. . . .

Collectors, I suppose, would say that it is beautiful. As to its value, I have no idea. Uncle Bartelmy, for all his open-handed breeziness, had a streak of secrecy in him, and he never had the thing valued. Indeed, apart from the shopkeeper in Naples, nobody in the world knew he possessed the glass but Cousin Eldred and myself.

The most the old boy had done to find out anything about it when he settled down was to look up some old books on glass, and there he had chanced upon an illustration in colour from which he was able to place his find as a Venetian wineglass of the fifteenth century.

It is before me now on the table, and the green glass of which it is moulded glows in the light of the study fire. Its fluted base and ribbed stem are so cunningly designed that they seem endowed with movement, flowing upwards into the base of the swelling bowl.

THE BOWL ITSELF is richly enamelled with a sylvan scene in which a triumphant Bacchus holds aloft a basket of grapes. The naked figure of the god is almost alive, and even now, as I glance at it, I catch again that cruel smile lingering at the corners of the mouth, as if he knew . . .

I remember, the first time I saw the glass I got this same impression of vitality, as if the creative urge of the craftsman had given life to the thing he made. I can see again the face of Bacchus winking and leering in the flickering firelight in Uncle Bartelmy's library.

Cousin Eldred and I had gone round to the old man's house for one of his monthly dinners. We were drinking a pre-dinner glass of sherry in the library when he unlocked a cupboard and brought out the wineglass.

"A little secret, my boys," he told us. "What do you think of that for a lovely piece of work?"

He let us handle it, though anyone could see he was edgy all the time it was out of his keeping. Not that either of us was careless about that sort of thing. Cousin Eldred's strong, efficient fingers, which he was training for the work of a doctor, handled the glass as surely and gently as if it were human flesh; while in my hands it was as safe as if it had been packed in cotton-wool, for with my fingers—I have been told they are extraordinarily long and delicate for a man—I can handle the most fragile eggshell that a breath would almost shatter.

All the same, Uncle Bartelmy was relieved when he got the thing into his own hands again.

"Picked it up in Naples for a song," he said, and went on to tell us how he found it in the poky little shop. "And I'll tell you something else, something even more interesting; something I found out myself. I'd been reading an old story about the Borgias, and I was struck by the description of a wineglass Lucrezia Borgia was said to have used at one of her little murder parties."

He paused and held up the Venetian wineglass between us and the light of the fire. It was then that I experienced that first presentiment of evil.

Uncle Bartelmy beckoned us closer, and what he showed us, with the aid of a magnifying-glass, was the queerest thing of its kind I have ever seen.

HIDDEN IN THE NAVEL of the naked torso of Bacchus was a tiny hole leading into a pinhole cylinder within the glass wall itself, the cylinder being connected at its lowest point to the inside of the bowl by another hole as near invisible as the first. So minute was this second hole that liquid poison introduced into the cylinder could not run out. It was the actual filling of the glass with wine, Uncle Bartelmy explained, which enabled the two liquids to coalesce.

A horrible idea, and fiendishly ingenious. You simply would never suspect the existence of the cylinder unless you were told of it.

"What devils they were!" I said.

Cousin Eldred looked thoughtful, and I supposed that his medical student mind was working on the types of poison which might have been used. Even in the fifteenth century, I believe, poisons were known whose effects were identical with those of heart failure.

Uncle Bartelmy pledged us to secrecy about the whole affair. "You're the only two I've ever told," he said, managing, as he so often did with his little secrets, to create an air of conspiracy.

I can only suppose it was his love of the theatrical that caused him, from that time on, to use the wineglass at our monthly dinner parties. There were only the three of us at them, for he always sent his man out for the evening, and he used to make great play with swirling his wine around the bowl

JOHN BULL SHORT STORY

the venetian wineglass

and glancing at us from beneath his bushy eyebrows to see if we appreciated the bravado.

It used to give me the creeps. But it never seemed to affect Cousin Eldred that way. He would smile his sphinx-like smile, and make no comment.

Uncle Bartelmy would ask how Cousin Eldred was getting on with his studies, and how long it would be before he was a fully-fledged doctor and could put up his plate.

"I'm looking forward to free medical attention, you know, Eldred," was a regular joke. "That'll represent the interest I charge on the fees for your training."

AND THEN HE WOULD ASK me how the Arts were progressing. "I like a bit of variety for my money," he'd say with a chuckle. "That's why I'm turning one nephew into something useful, and the other into something ornamental, ha! ha!"

Well, it suited me all right. I never could stand the prospect of regular work. To be tied down to an office-stool must be too boring for words, and Uncle Bartelmy's allowance preserved me from that awful fate.

I can't answer for Cousin Eldred's satisfaction. One never could get behind that impassive, rather cold manner of his. He always gave me the impression of one of those people who have a goal in life and make their way grimly to it, if necessary over the bodies of their competitors. Very efficient, no doubt, but definitely not my style.

Of course, I shall never know just what did happen at that last dinner at Uncle Bartelmy's, because for the first time in years I wasn't there.

I had been at the previous one as usual.

I say "as usual," but, in fact, it was a little out of the routine, not merely because it celebrated Cousin Eldred's passing of his M.B., but because it involved the first bit of unpleasantness we had had.

Cousin Eldred had brought up the question of the partnership. It seemed he had been offered—and he described it as the finest opportunity he would ever have—a partnership with a noted doctor. The snag was, of course, that he had to plank down a big sum of money.

Uncle Bartelmy squashed him at the outset.

"You can wash that right out, young man," he said. "I've paid your training fees, and I was even proposing to make you a small allowance until you're on your own feet—but you must get on them by your own efforts."

And he went on to lay down the law with platitudes about self-reliance and paddling your own canoe, and so on. Worthy, no doubt, but tedious.

I could see that Cousin Eldred was as sick as a dog about it. He shut up, as these grim go-getters are apt to do when somebody gets in their way, and barely spoke a civil word to the old man for the rest of the evening.

IT WAS ABOUT THREE WEEKS after this that I went down with a dose of 'flu. A rare occurrence with me, for I look after myself as a rule. But there it was, and it meant missing the monthly dinner, so I only heard about it at second hand, and had to fill in the gaps as best I could.

Uncle Bartelmy, it seems, had been his usual cheerful self. (Of course, we only have Cousin Eldred's word for it, as he was the sole important witness at the inquest; but I don't see why he should lie about *that*.) The two of them had dinner, with some wine, and everything had seemed quite normal.

It was soon after dinner, while they were sitting by the library fire, that the old man had suddenly gone into some sort of fit, and before Cousin Eldred could do anything, so he said, Uncle Bartelmy was dead. Cousin Eldred had called in the nearest doctor, and his opinion, reflected in the inquest verdict, was death from heart failure.

Of course, no mention was made of the existence of the Venetian wineglass. That, as I have made clear, was a secret between Uncle Bartelmy, Cousin Eldred, and myself.

I didn't go to the funeral. It would have been foolish to stand about in the cold so soon after getting up from bed. But I went round to Uncle Bartelmy's house to hear the will read. Cousin Eldred got the bulk of the estate in trust, but the old man had left me quite a useful little sum.

As a matter of fact, I was better off than before. I had the legacy itself, and after I had had a heart-to-heart talk with Cousin Eldred he agreed to continue the allowance Uncle Bartelmy used to pay me. He even raised it a little when I found my expenses going up. He met one or two racing debts for me, too.

Unfortunately, just lately I ran into heavy debt, and have been threatened by my creditors. It would mean a nasty exposure. But when I took my troubles to Cousin Eldred, believe it or not, he refused to pay up. Nothing I said—and I said a lot—would budge him. For the moment I left it at that.

WE HAD BEEN continuing the monthly dinners. Uncle Bartelmy, sentimental old fool that he was, had actually asked us in his will to do that in his memory.

Cousin Eldred had, of course, bought his partnership, and had moved into Uncle Bartelmy's house as his private residence, so the dinners took place at the same table and in the same conditions—except that Cousin Eldred now sat in Uncle Bartelmy's chair.

He even carried the thing further by using the Venetian wineglass, though he was courteous enough to suggest once or twice that we might use it month and month about. But I declined the honour—quite pleasantly, you understand, with some sort of smiling remark about being superstitious.

Honestly, it gave me the shivers to see the glass on the table. I don't know how he could bring himself to drink out of it. It was a mystery to me why he didn't destroy the thing. Possibly it had a fatal fascination for him . . . I don't know.

It certainly didn't bring him any luck.

I don't know whether these things run in families, but it is a tragic coincidence that Cousin Eldred should also have died from heart failure.

It was after our monthly dinner this week. In the library, too.

The funeral was to-day, and after the formalities of hearing the will, by which, of course, Uncle Bartelmy's fortune passes to me, I came straight home in a taxi, only stopping long enough in Uncle Bartelmy's house to pick up one or two things, including the Venetian wineglass.

It is on the table before me as I write, and I cannot make up my mind whether to keep it or destroy it. It still has that indefinable air of evil about it . . . that air of fatal fascination.

The decision is complicated by the fact that I was careless enough to let the old lawyer see it.

I'd no idea he was still in the library when I unlocked the corner cupboard to get it; he must have come back quietly. I thought he looked at me rather queerly as I slipped the glass hurriedly into a case I had brought with me—but then my imagination has been playing me tricks these last few weeks. Only a moment ago I could have sworn that Bacchus smiled suggestively at me—but, of course, it could only have been the firelight glinting on the enamel.

Still, I thnk I shall make some excuse for asking the old lawyer to have dinner with me one evening. He would probably get quite a kick out of drinking from a fifteenth-century Venetian wineglass.

IMMORTAL—AND WHY

by HAROLD BRIGHOUSE

Mr. Pickwick

Mr. Pickwick himself begins vaguely as one of a quartette of Cockney sportsmen. Gradually, as the book goes on, he becomes a man the whole world loves.

Notable for its intolerance of humbug and its tolerance of brandified joviality, shapeless and a masterpiece, "Pickwick" has more of the essential Dickens than, "Copperfield" excepted, any of the later works.

Its thirty-fourth chapter, "wholly devoted to a full and faithful report of the memorable trial of Bardell against Pickwick," is the greatest piece of satirical farce in English fiction.

It is, besides, the turning-point in the development of Pickwick's character. Smarting from injustice, behaving in that deeply English way known as cutting off your nose to spite your face, he chose, rather than pay ridiculous damages, to be imprisoned as a debtor in the Fleet Prison.

He came out, if hardly a serious social reformer, at any rate an old buffer more given to benevolence than to self-indulgence.

Always, though, he is rather a done-by than a doer. He is the comfortable citizen, the bachelor of independent means to whom Democracy speaks with effect by the mouth of Sam Weller. Weller is the book's real hero: Weller's is the voice of the people and Pickwick lent ear.

This, in a single book, is a National Gallery of comic character. The name of the gallery is Pickwick, its finest portrait is that of Weller. Women make inconspicuous showing in the Pickwick cavalcade of England when Queen Victoria was young.

Lord Campbell declared that he would rather have written "Pickwick" than be what he was—Lord Chief Justice of England; and, certified by this pronouncement, a good judge, too.

JUSTICE AND THE POOR MAN

The threat of legal action has often terrorised a poor man into paying an unjust claim. Is there really a law for the rich and another for the poor? asks Sir GERVAIS RENTOUL, concluding his informative outline of British justice

THE LATE LORD DARLING coined one of his most famous witticisms when he said that the law is open to all, "like the Ritz Hotel." In other words, to all who can pay for it.

But how far is this true?

Is there really one law for the rich and another for the poor?

Speaking from experience, I should say the answer is No. In theory, the law is no respecter of persons. In practice, it may occasionally happen that a wrongful act committed by someone of means or position appears to be winked at when it might very well land a poor man in jail.

Such distinctions, however, are more apparent than real. Many circumstances must be considered. A sentence of imprisonment may be for one man little more than a passing incident. To another it may entail complete social extinction.

Of course, unfair discrimination between one section of the community and another is to be deplored. Compare the position of the rich and the poor man in the matter of betting.

The former is legally permitted to run a credit account with his "commission agents" to the tune of thousands of pounds. The latter is held to be breaking the law if he has a modest "tanner" on the two-thirty with a street bookmaker. This seems unjust.

Broadly speaking, however, if the law can be said to favour anyone, it is the less fortunate classes.

In order to protect them from injustice and exploitation, there are Factory Acts, Workmen's Compensation Acts, Rent Restriction Acts, Acts relating to dangerous trades, and many others concerned with health, housing and education. In all these respects the law rightly discriminates in favour of people with smaller incomes and possessions.

Nevertheless, the complaint is made that the poor man cannot afford to take his wrongs to the Courts.

For more than 150 years, there has been a scheme by which poor persons could sue *in forma pauperis*, as it was called. But as the applicant had to swear that he was not worth more than five pounds in the world, it is obvious the scheme only applied to the poorest of the poor.

Matrimonial Disputes

Not until after the first world war was any real attempt made to assist people of small means. But the procedure has remained complicated and troublesome to this day. Little use has been made of it, compared with the increasing number seeking assistance.

At present, about ninety per cent. of poor persons' cases are in the Divorce Court. The Courts of Summary Jurisdiction deal with a further twenty thousand or so matrimonial and domestic disputes every year.

It is in these delicate and difficult matters that legal advice and assistance are specially needed. For the law insists on strict proof.

As to what evidence the law requires, the average man hasn't the haziest idea.

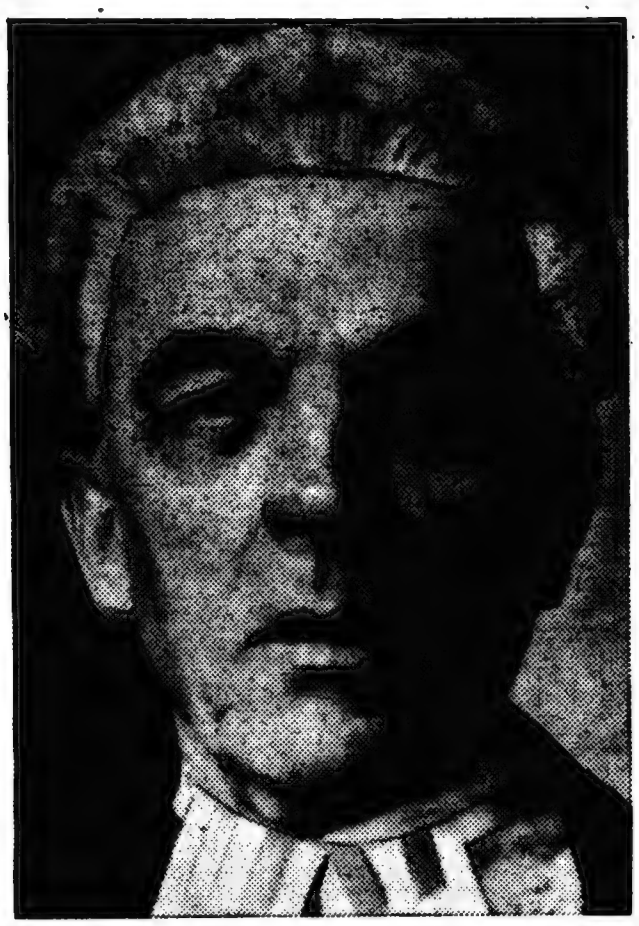
How often I have endeavoured to explain to a wife (or husband) that even an admission of misconduct by their erring partner is not by itself sufficient, and that there must be what is called corroboration.

"But here is the letter, sir. I know it's true. Besides, my friend, Mrs. Brown, told me that a neighbour of hers says they are living together."

"Yes, yes, I dare say, but that is not enough to satisfy the law."

Sometimes I am able to arrange for the complainant to see a solicitor; using for this purpose certain charitable funds which the Court has at its disposal. But, naturally, this cannot be done in every case. What is wanted is a far more general scheme of assistance.

Last year, a new Committee was appointed to reconsider the whole question of legal aid,



The late Lord Darling said the law is open to all, "like the Ritz Hotel"

under the able and sympathetic chairmanship of Lord Rushcliffe. This Committee has recently issued its Report (Stationery Office, price 9d.). If its recommendations are carried into effect by the new Government, as I trust they will be, a long step forward will have been taken. It will be possible, we hope, for the humblest citizen to sue in any Court in the land, from the highest to the lowest.

In brief, what is now suggested is that a single man shall be entitled to free legal assistance if his income does not exceed £3 a week.

In the case of a married man the limit is £4 a week, with an allowance in excess of that amount for each child.

Justice Not Denied

Other people, provided their income does not exceed £420 a year, can also obtain legal aid, but will be expected to make a small contribution towards the costs themselves. The exact amount will be carefully adjusted to their means.

After all, no one can expect to get his case tried entirely at public expense, if he is in a position to pay at least some of the costs.

If he cannot do so, then justice will not be denied on that account.

There is another aspect to be considered. In every case there is a defendant as well as a plaintiff. To give poor persons entirely free and restricted access to the Courts may sometimes cause gross injustice to others little better off than themselves.

Even under the Rushcliffe proposals, once a certificate for legal aid is granted, there is practically no limit to the expense to which the other side may be put without any chance, if successful, of recovering a penny of the costs.

No doubt the threat of legal proceedings has occasionally been used by greedy landlords, rapacious hire-purchase companies and other unscrupulous persons, to terrorise a poor man into paying an unjust claim. I have known many defendants who have preferred to settle on any terms rather than fight an action, however unfounded, in which they had everything to lose and nothing to gain.

It will be seen, therefore, that the problem is a two-sided one, and it may be asked what is the solution?

My own view is that it might well be found in the adoption of some scheme of informal conciliation, such as already exists in France and certain American States.

Conciliation Attempted

The procedure is that whenever a poor person puts forward a claim, the Judge or some independent arbitrator appointed by the Court invites both parties to state their case, either verbally or in writing. Then, without bothering about rules of evidence or legal technicalities, he endeavours to arrange an amicable settlement.

If successful, an agreement is drawn up and is binding on both sides. If unsuccessful, then the case comes before the Court.

To many lawyers this may seem a revolutionary idea. Yet, surely, it would not be unfair that before any person is assisted to litigate free of charge, when it is clear he is not in a position to pay the costs if unsuccessful, some attempt at conciliation should be insisted upon.

In regard to criminal cases, the present position of legal aid is more adequate. Certainly, there is no reason why any person should go undefended for lack of means.

From time immemorial the practice has prevailed of granting "dock briefs," whereby a prisoner is entitled to the services of any barrister in Court on payment of the modest sum of one guinea.

Often, a young man who is learning his job is chosen. But if the charge is grave, then counsel of greater experience are always available.

How well I remember the late Lord Birkenhead—F. E. Smith, as he was then, and one of the most brilliant advocates at the Bar. He was requested by the Judge to undertake the defence of a servant girl charged with murder. He readily agreed. It meant giving up four whole days and returning his brief in an important libel action, and the fee of one hundred and fifty guineas. And such cases are by no means rare.

More recently, the Poor Prisoners Defence Act was passed. And to-day any Court has an absolute discretion to grant a legal aid certificate.

Advice on Day-to-Day Problems

But what poor people often need more than anything else is free legal advice regarding their day-to-day problems.

This is provided mainly by a number of voluntary societies. Apart from the Trades Unions, the British Legion and similar organisations, there are the "Poor Man's Lawyer," which now has some sixty branches throughout the country; the Bentham Committee, the Citizens' Advice Bureaux, and many others. To all of these, young barristers and solicitors freely give their services, and do an immense amount of valuable work.

I might also mention the Metropolitan Magistrates. It is not generally known that every day before the ordinary work of the Court begins, the Magistrate is accessible to all those who wish to consult him on any matter of personal and domestic interest.

To sum up, one might say that while the law is open to all, the rich man is expected to pay heavily if he is ill-advised enough to make a pastime of litigation. But the poor man is not encouraged to appeal to it except in cases of strict necessity.

Therein he has the advantage.

HAPPY FAMILY

It has sometimes been said that we British are a bit aloof. Like many such generalisations circumstances prove the reverse.

You saw two examples during the war. One — the way in which the Dominions and Colonies showed overwhelmingly their allegiance to the Crown — acknowledging themselves as part of one large family. The other — the way in which they and we made a common meeting-place of the inn; where we were all friends and equals.

"There never was a time when the inn as a social centre had greater value. It is to the local inn that the citizen will go for cheerfulness, comradeship and sober good temper."

So said a well-known member of Parliament in November 1939. How right he was. And to-day, in the troubled aftermath of war, we still find ourselves a happy family in "the pub."

Soon, when building and new housing schemes get into production, the modern licensed premises will play a new and still friendlier part as a social centre.

SNAPS IN WINTER SUNSHINE

FOR SNAPS during DEC & JAN
between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m.

Box Cameras	stop	shutter speed
Direct sunshine	largest stop	snap
Folding Cameras		
Direct sunshine	f.8	1/25 second
Hazy sunshine	f.6.3	1/25 second

F371

Sunshine late in the year is often weaker than it appears to the eye—so beware of under-exposing your snaps. With simple cameras it's safest to snap only in the open and around the middle of the day. The exposures suggested in the guide are for 'Verichrome' Film and average subjects such as a nearby person on the lawn. Owing to the great latitude of Kodak 'Verichrome' there is little risk of over-exposure, but in open country or at the seaside, you can use the next smaller stop, or in bright snow two stops smaller.

'KODAK' FILM

is still in short supply, so please make the most of it

Andrews for INNER CLEANLINESS helps to keep you fit

For deepdown Inner Cleanliness, take Andrews regularly—not necessarily every day but as often as the system needs its health-giving aid. See how Andrews cleanses:

FIRST . . . Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

NEXT . . . Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN . . . Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY for Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the bowels, relieves constipation and purifies the blood.

When days are cold many prefer Andrews with the chill off

ANDREWS

THE IDEAL FORM OF LAXATIVE

Family size tin 2/-

Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

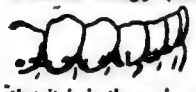
(67-14)

How to brush your teeth

No. 2 of a Series. *Cut it out and keep it*

MOST people brush their teeth. But few people know how to do it properly. Brushing teeth "any old how" is not much use. Only by correct brushing can you keep your gums healthy and remove the food particles that cause decay.

NON SELF-CLEANING ZONES *Using your toothbrush wrongly (horizontally) you merely re-clean those areas which the act of chewing makes self-cleansing. The illustration shows you that it is in the crevices between the teeth that food collects. These are the areas that need correct "up and down" brushing.*



INSIDE UPPER FRONT TEETH

Place bristles inside mouth as shown — then use a brisk "pull down" action. Include the gums in each stroke. 6 times.

OUTSIDE UPPER FRONT TEETH

Never brush "across" your teeth. Place bristles against gum as shown. Twist the wrist and sweep bristles "downwards." Arrows show track bristles should take.

ALWAYS — Use an unwetted tooth-brush. Clean your teeth last thing at night and after breakfast. Keep at least two tooth brushes—use them alternately. Visit your dentist regularly.

USE YOUR *Wisdom* TEETH WISELY

MADE BY ADDIS LTD., MAKERS OF THE FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780

Planning a new home?

Are you one of the many who are planning to start a new home — maybe soon—or maybe later on? If so, plan ahead. Plan to make it clean, cosy and comfortable. Plan to make it efficient and economical. Plan to save yourself time and work. It's largely up to you to see that Electricity is used in every room. Visit your Electricity showrooms to discuss your problems.

ELECTRICITY IMPROVES

"I Always Insist on Drene Shampoo" says CELIA LIPTON

CHARMING STAR OF STAGE AND RADIO

You, too, can be like the stars — treat your hair to an "All-Star" Drene Shampoo and see for yourself how it sparkles with fascinating highlights. Drene is quick to use and leaves all types of hair as easy to set as ABC . . lovelier, more glamorous than ever before.

***drene**

7½d. and 1/10½d. ***THE SHAMPOO OF THE STARS***

It's CHAMPION'S MALT VINEGAR

By Appointment to H.M. King George VI Maltsters — Champion & Slee Ltd.

Established 1705

It's Best in BOTTLE!

CHAMPION & SLEE LTD.
LONDON - MANCHESTER - LEITH

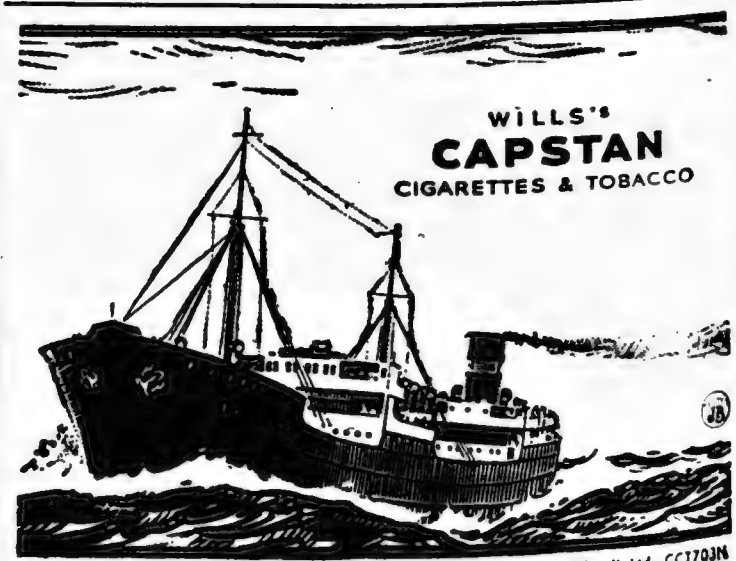
"My! THE BATH'S BRIGHT IN TWO TICKS now I've gone modern with MIRRO!"

Mirro's special detergent cuts through grease and dissolves sticky scum in seconds. Buy an 8d. giant canister of this "screen-sifted" non-scratch cleanser to-day.

***Go Modern with* MIRRO**

THE SAFE, SPEEDY CLEANSER

THOMAS HEDLEY & CO. LTD. NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE



W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. CCT703N

Pastime Page

TWO FIRSTS IN TWO WEEKS!

WEEK after week, big prizes are being won by readers who have made a hobby of entering for *John Bull's* famous competitions.

In our 455th common-sense Crossword, for instance, the £100 First Prize was won outright by the former A.R.P. rescue man you see here. He is Crossworder Frank Heeley, 17, Hyde Green, Beaconsfield.

£100 Winner F. Heeley

There is nothing to prevent the same entrant winning again and again in our competitions. Crossworder Heeley is the latest reader to prove that, for he followed up his £100 triumph by capturing a useful share of the very next week's First Prize!

"I've enjoyed entering your Crosswords for many years," this 38-year-old factory worker told us soon after receiving his £100 First Prize telegram. "Twice before I've won a share of First Prize, and this will be the third successive Christmas that I've won a *John Bull* Crossword Cake. Oh, boy, do I like those Cakes!

"Every Thursday I take out my *John Bull* at the lunch hour and give the latest Crossword the once-over. Then I think out my Answers to the Clues at odd moments during the week. Last week I was wide of the mark, this week I'm the £100 winner. That just shows you should never be discouraged and that you should never miss a single Contest, for any one may provide *your* First Prize opportunity."

Another £100 First Prize is waiting to be won with apt Answers to the Clues on this page. And, to every prize value 5s. or more, there will be added one of those fine fruit Cakes which winner Frank Heeley knows all about!

Start now on that fascinating puzzle below—and, when you have completed your Crossword, remember also those 100 cheques awaiting "Bulleteers."

1st, 2nd, 3rd.

Thoughts of Christmas and of dangers to future peace combined in timely fashion to inspire our 1,505th First Prize *Bullet*: Going Into Peace—Baby's Stocking, Deadly "Toys." It wins £250 for Miss A. M. Walter, 1, Maple Avenue, Haslingden, Lancs.

Second Prize of £25: Wise Pedestrian—But They Got Him! (*J. Jones, 53, Eighth Ave., Bristol*); Third Prize, £10: Seeds Of War—Want—And Wanting More (*Mrs. F. Bates, 330, Canterbury St., Gillingham*).

Special Christmas Awards, as announced, added to First, Second and Third Prizes, also to £5 and £2 10s. awards.

Other Winners:

Not A Success—Demobilisation—*I'm* Still In! (£5, *Cpl. H. Baldwin, 4, Moorland Place, Stannington, Sheffield*); Armed With Mistletoe—"Embraced" Step-ladder—"Kissed" Carpet! (£5, *J. Duncan, 154, School Drive, Aberdeen*); Wise Pedestrian—Apes Eagle, Fox, Kangaroo! (£5, *E. R. Forbes, 32, Ardleigh Green Road, Hornchurch*); Britain's Share—Of War Guilt, Unpreparedness. (£5, *H. W. Harris, 580, Kingston Rd., Raynes Park, S.W.20*); We, The People—Are "They," The Government. (£5, *D. J. H. Lister, 76, Woodstock Ave., N.W.11*); Dangerous Man—The Unofficial Union Official. (£5, *G. Livingstone, 7, Thirlwell Grove, Primrose, Jarrow*); White As A Sheet—Laundress—*Manager's* Shirt Missing! (£5, *F. Murphy, 20, Newry Street, Bolton*; Worth Thinking About—Bevin's World—Bevan's Britain. (£5, *G. H. Parker, 63, Church Rd., Hartshill, Nuneaton*); Must Be Free—From Pressure, The Press (£5, *Lt.-Cdr. R. W. S. Pritchard, 14, Luckley Road, Wokingham*); Road To Utopia—Grandpa Remembers Gladstone Opening! (£5, *W. F. Thomas, 47, Blakesware Gardens, Edmonton, N.9*).

Notifications to 10 £2 10s. winners and 100 winners of Christmas Cakes (list at these offices) have been posted—also 1,500 Merit Awards

Rules of Contests

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. —no free extra entries now permitted. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O., make payable to *John Bull*, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contest in *John Bull* dated Jan. 19, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

GILBERT WILKINSON ILLUSTRATES A "BULLET"

Said Dilly to Dally—"About Dolly Gray's Pension—"

"Weaning should not be difficult if you give baby Robinson's 'Patent' Groats and milk from six months. Replace one breast or bottle feed daily by a feed of Groats and milk. A month later, increase to two Groats feeds and from 8-9 months to three. Each feed of Groats and milk, of course, will take the place of a breast or bottle feed. At 9 months baby will be ready for the mixed diet described in the booklet, 'Steps to Health,' offered below."

ROBINSON'S 'PATENT' GROATS

FREE SAMPLE sent on application, together with a copy of booklet on the care of Infants entitled "Steps to Health", if 1d. stamp is enclosed. Keen Robinson, Dept. DZ.42, Norwich.

CVP-45

CLUES FOR £100 CROSSWORD

CARE and common-sense are all you need to win some welcome Crossword cash with the Square below. Study each Clue carefully and be sure to post your entry in time.

Another £100 Xword First must be won, as well as prizes value £25 for Runners-up. Fine 4-lb. Fruit Cakes are added to every prize value 5s. or more.

Across

1. Experienced boxer knows what to do when a person does this
3. It is often difficult to get one to pull up
6. You'll be lucky if you get good one for a mere song
11. Cost of running one may well turn out astonishing
12. These can easily be too sharp to suit many people
13. This delays finishing a certain kind of job

Down

1. Talented writers of this often make money in theatre
2. Average amateur golfer occasionally makes stroke worthy of
4. Experience tells him how to use his powerful voice
5. Can prove quite damaging
7. Commonly used to keep people out
8. Even the poorest family has a little something to
9. Piece of jewellery won't be quite so good if made with
10. Statesmen ought to know something of events in the remote

Xword 457 Result

WINNING WORDS. Across: 1. Game. 2. Sting. 3. Fat. 4. Howl. 6. Fan. 11. Craze. 12. Shore or Spore. Down: 1. Gage. 2. Stoop. 5. Web or Wet. 7. Mop. 8. Fare. 9. Car. 10. Cat. SIX £100 SHARERS: W. Beecroft, Doncaster; Mrs. A. S. Cumming, Glasgow; Mrs. M. Heslop, Bradford; A. Mann, Nottingham; Lt. A. A. Pickard, Shipley; C. Seaton, Cardiff. Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 65 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive Xmas Cakes.

"EXAMPLES" FOR "BULLETS"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example* from end of list, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

AT BRITAIN'S SHOP
THE NEW YEAR
TORCH OF PROGRESS
I WANT A HOUSE, BUT
KNOTTY PROBLEM
WHAT LIES AHEAD
IN RECONSTRUCTION'S JUNGLE
FRANKLY
TRIED AND TESTED
FINE THING
LIFE'S WINTER
HENPECK STRUCK AND
KISSES
WITHOUT A MURMUR
NO MEDALS
BORED TO TEARS

LIKE A SCARECROW
BIT OF A DARE-DEVIL
DAD'S ARGUMENT
IF WORDS WERE RATIONED

INCOMPLETE "EXAMPLES"
See instructions.

BUILDING .....
CAUSED A .....
WORST OF .....
..... RESOLUTION
GRABBED THE .....
ON ..... DOOR-STEP

100 Cheques Waiting

First Prize, £200; Second, £25; Third, £10; 2 of £8; 3 of £6; 4 of £4; 4 of £3; 4 of £2; 80 of £1; 1,000 Merit Awards.

All the above 100 Cheques will reach winners on Thursday, January 17.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS," 1509 (or XWORD 461), "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

HOW TO ENTER FOR "JOHN BULL'S" £100 XWORD

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

ENTRY FEE—6d.

For this one Square, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d., to cover also cost of printing, despatch and posting to you of *John Bull's* interesting and helpful *Crossword Gazette* dated Jan. 12. If no *Gazette* required, one additional plain-paper list of Answers allowed.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

No.....

461 Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 31.

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Signed.....

Address .....

.....

ENCLOSE 6d. for 2 "BULLETS"—1s. for 4—EXTRAS, SAME RATE.

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET _____

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET _____

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET _____

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET _____

For £50 "Bullets" dated Jan. 12, enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope

I enclose P.O. value ..... Signed .....

No ..... Address .....

1,509 Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 31. .....

THAT'S OXYDOL CLEAN!
THE LATHER DOES IT!
OXYDOL
THE COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD SOAP POWDER
3½d. and 7d. A Class 1 Product.
THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

By Appointment as Suppliers of Scrubb's Clusty Ammonia

Clean all Paintwork WITH SCRUBB'S PAINT and ENAMEL CLEANER

For all Paintwork, including Varnished, Enamelled and Lacquered Surfaces. Simple, quick, thorough.

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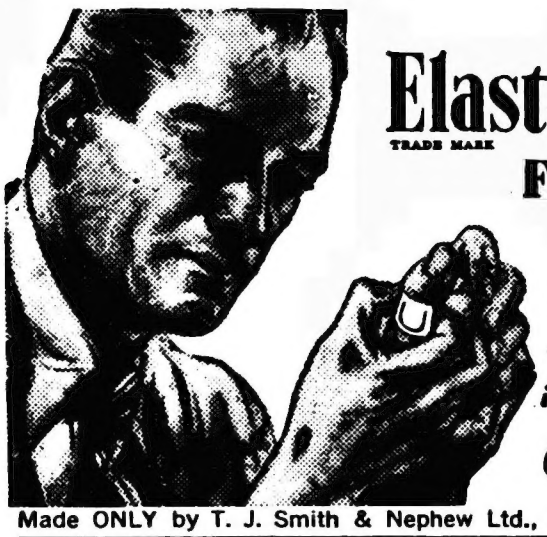

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ELASTIC
ADHESIVE
ANTISEPTIC

in RED tins

6d. & 1/-
from Chemists

Made ONLY by T. J. Smith & Nephew Ltd., Neptune St., Hull

Winter days mean fewer, shorter walks for your dog. But in spite of restricted exercise "one Bob Martin's once a day" will help to keep him healthy Regular conditioning will rid his blood of impurities, help to promote the growth of a warm coat, and keep him a fit, contented companion. In packets, 9 for 7d.

BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit

VACUUM CLEANERS FOR ALL

Brand new 1945 models
No priority. No permits. No coupons
ENORMOUS STOCKS. IMMEDIATE DELIVERY
£9.9
ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE
Plus £2·2 Purchase Tax
All accessories

★ Post this Coupon today for full details

FLEET ELECTRICS
LTD., 293, Oxford Street, London, W.1
NAME ADDRESS

write to JOHN BULL about it

Continued from page 3

BROKEN MARRIAGE TANGLE

staffed or overwhelmed with work. I wrote to them on your behalf, and you will already have received the notification of admission to the voluntary insurance.

I had news to that effect within three or four days.

War Shatters Home?

"WHEN WAR BROKE OUT, I, like thousands of other women, went to work. I was employed up to October last. I should be there still, but I had the misfortune to be off sick and was given my notice.

"My husband left me for another woman eighteen months ago and I have supported the two children myself. This was not so bad when I was working, but now I am in a predicament. We are nearly starving.

"I was told at the Labour Exchange that I cannot claim for the children because my husband is responsible for them. I did get a grocery ticket for £1 from Public Assistance and another £1 from the U.A.B., but the three of us have had to live for a fortnight on £2.

"After working hard for six years this is my reward! What does JOHN BULL think about it?"

✓ I am terribly sorry to hear your story, but before you charge the country with ingratitude you should realise these points.

The first is that you can claim Dependants' Benefit for your children. You should ask for this at the Employment Exchange at once, and if it is disallowed you should appeal to the local Court of Referees. You can get a special form at the Exchange by asking for it.

Of course your husband is legally responsible for the children, and it is he—rather than the country—who has landed you in your difficulty. But since you have been maintaining the children you have a right to the benefit mentioned above. It is up to you to claim it.

Don't look upon it as charity. Children have certain rights—food, shelter, medical attention, education, etc.—and we cannot allow them to be penalised because their father neglects his duty.

Post-war Credit

"CAN YOU EXPLAIN the post-war credit system? My mates and I are entirely fogged by income tax regulations.

"I am a railway signalman with a wife, but no other dependants. I received certificates for the year ending April 5, 1942 and 1943. Is this correct, or are we entitled to at least one more?"

✓ Post-war credits started from April 6, 1941, and you have received the certificates for 1942 and 1943, so now the question concerns the voluntary insurance.

For the year 1943-1944, like the majority of taxpayers, you presumably received a remission of the greater part of your tax liability in order to smooth out the change-over to P.A.Y.E. If so, you are not entitled to a post-war credit for that year.

The calculation of a post-war credit depends upon a comparison of tax actually paid in a given year with what it would have been if the allowances had not been reduced. Is that clear to you?

But credits will arise in respect of tax paid for 1944-1945—the first year of P.A.Y.E. You will be getting a certificate in due course. I might mention that other readers are anxious too.

With the new budget promised by Mr. Dalton, post-war credits will no longer be necessary.

Blind Pension

"MY HUSBAND is almost blind and receives 10s. 6d. a week from National Health Insurance, and 10s. blind pension. We have a family of five, none of whom is working. The remainder of the family income is paid by the social services.

"Now I think I have an opportunity of helping all of us. A friend is prepared to start us in small-holding and dairying. My husband knows quite a lot about this kind of work and my eldest son is studying in an agricultural college. If I can take my friend's offer there will be no need for help from the social services.

"My husband is worried because he thinks he will lose both his allowances. If this happened I am afraid we could not carry on. My husband would not do anything except feeding the poultry, but he would be able to advise."

✓ If you accept this friend's offer and take the small-holding, your husband's pension and benefit will not be affected provided that he does not do any work. If he is capable of any work, even light work, the payment of the National Health Insurance Benefit will stop.

The blind pension is granted on the grounds that your husband is unable to perform any work for which eyesight is essential. As long as this condition continues he will be entitled to his pension.

It would be advisable for you to take the small-holding in your name so that your husband could not be deemed to be the tenant.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

A caress that started before they met

Their romance started before ever they met . . . two hours before . . . when Poudre Tokalon had put that final, glamorous touch to her personality. She knew that Poudre Tokalon would keep her looking fresh and lovely through all that romantic night. Mousse of Cream is the secret of a complexion that remains smooth and flawless for hours. Poudre Tokalon is the heart-disturbing powder that brings the bloom of youth to your complexion and makes you look as young as your heart. Change to Poudre Tokalon to gain his unchanging admiration.

Six modern shades to choose from—Apricot, Natural, Peach, Rose Peach, Brunette, Rachel.

Poudre TOKALON

A QUICK LATHER FOR A QUICK SHAVE and EASY on the razor

7½D PER STICK (includes purchase tax)
LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED
E 381-757-55

School!—ever wish you were back again, Kay?

"In some ways, yes, but I've had some more interesting lessons lately. Mary, my old school chum, is a marvel. She's shown me how to make my old crock like a brand new machine."

"Sounds interesting, Kay, spill the beans."

"Just careful examination for worn parts and replacing them with Phillips Precision-made Cycle Fitments."

Follow Kay's advice. Ask your nearest dealer for GENUINE "Phillips" and experience new delights in the improved running of your cycle.

PHILLIPS CYCLE FITMENTS

J. A. PHILLIPS & CO. LTD. CREDENDA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM

FIT TO TACKLE ANYTHING

Writes Local Govt. Official

Surrey.
Aug. 31st, 1945.

Dear Sirs,

I am a male sedentary worker, just reached middle age. Owing to the shortage of labour I have had to work a lot of overtime. It got me down in the end, and I became very nervous, lost much sleep, and could not think clearly. I did not improve as quickly as I hoped to. It worried me, as important work awaited my best attention.

I suddenly thought of Yeast-Vite being announced as a quick health restorer. I have just finished the second bottle of Yeast-Vite tablets, and in all sincerity I can say that the result is astounding. I am fit to tackle anything, and my acquaintances say I look much better.

If you desire to pass the fact on to others, I have no objections, provided I may remain.

Yours sincerely,
Local Government Official.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation—go to your chemist TO-DAY for a 1/4 or 3/3 size YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets. (Prices include purchase tax). Owing to the great public demand for Yeast-Vite, and the shortage of bottles, emergency packs must still be used.

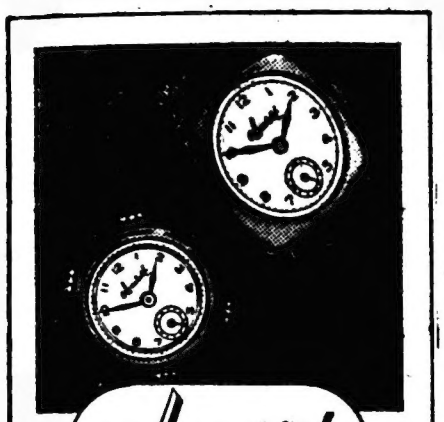
Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford.

Dependable as ever

One can always depend upon "Player's" for cool pleasure and calm enjoyment.

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO
N.C.T.54H



PRECISION WITH ELEGANCE

Limited quantities of 'Accurist' watches become available from time to time. Write for full particulars, sending 1d. for illustrated catalogue.

Accurist WATCHES

Lawrence Seder & Co. LTD.

DEPT. JB1, 92 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Save your face . .

Save your face the discomfort that so often attends shaving. Use Razvite Brushless Shaving Cream. It soothes the tenderest skin, softens the toughest beard and ensures a quick, comfortable shave.

Two sizes 1/- & 1/10 (inc. tax)

RAZVITE
BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM

Regd. Trade Mark

Smile and the world smiles with you

There is no help to Beauty greater than a real Odol Smile. Don't risk those lovely teeth Use Odol. Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls

Keep the winning

Odol *Smile!*

TOOTH-PASTE 1/-
SOLID DENTIFRICE 7½d
TOOTH POWDER 10½d. & 6d.
DENTURE POWDER 10½d. & 6d.
All prices include Purchase Tax

Be Cheery

"I don't worry about backache, I take Doan's"

Don't let yourself become weary and depressed by backache, rheumatic pains or urinary disorders.

THESE TROUBLES often arise if the action of your kidneys becomes sluggish—when nature's filters allow excess uric acid and other impurities to remain in the blood.

Let Doan's Backache Kidney Pills help to cleanse and stimulate your kidneys and so enable you to become your happy, healthy self again.

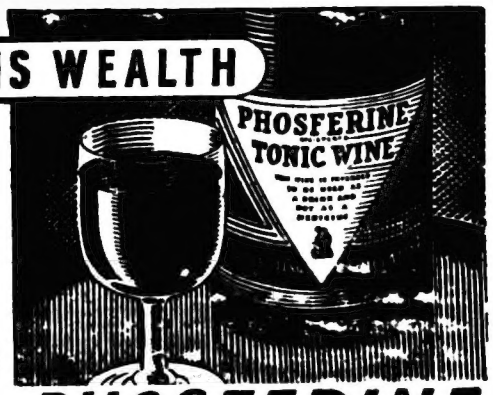
"I wish I had taken Doan's Pills earlier." "Now I keep free from rheumatic pains and urinary disorders." "My back does not bother me." are typical of thousands of statements made by grateful users.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's, the special kidney medicine, are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

1/5, 3/5 (inc. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

HEALTH IS WEALTH



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PHOSFERINE
TONIC WINE

DEPENDABLE *and safe*

Lixen is vegetable in composition and entirely devoid of unpleasant after-effects. Its natural action in promoting regularity of the system is produced by an extract of senna pods made gentle and palatable by a special process which removes harshness.

LIXEN ELIXIR in bottles 2/3, 3/11

LIXEN LOZENGES fruit flavoured in bottles 1/8

Purchase Tax Included

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN
The Good-Natured Laxative

"ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES"

This unique handbook shows the easy way to secure A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I. Mech.E., A.I.I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., A.M.Brit. I.R.E., and similar qualifications WE GUARANTEE — "NO PASS NO FEE."

Details are given of over 150 Diploma Courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero, Radio and Television Engineering, Draughtsmanship, Tracing, Inspection, Government Employment, BUILDING and PLASTICS (the great peace-time careers), MATRICULATION, etc.

Make your peace-time future secure by writing for this enlightening Handbook at once FREE.

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY, 88, Shakespeare House, 17-18 STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.1.

Head Pains . . .

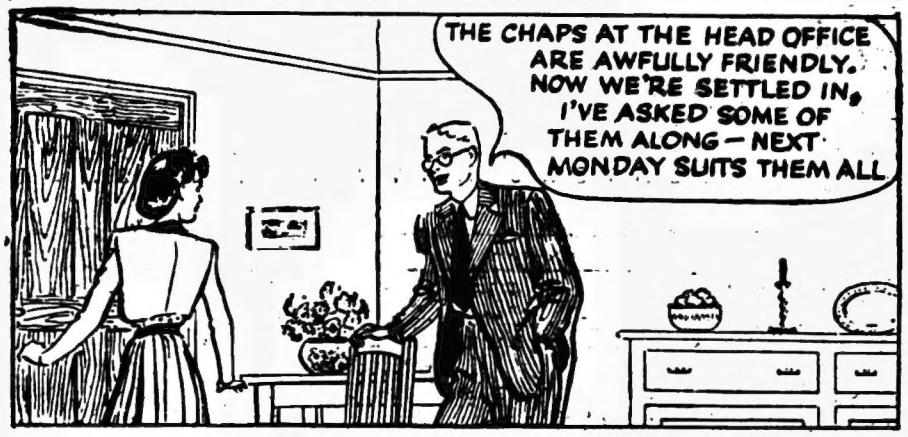
I need Phensic —that's what I need!

What a pity! Time spent in pain—when Phensic so quickly brings relief! It will pay you to keep handy a supply of Phensic in case of headache, neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatic pain, lumbago, sciatica. Phensic is a real family remedy—anyone may take it in perfect safety.

Two sizes 1/4 and 3/3 *including Purchase Tax.*

Phensic
Does not harm the heart

MR. BROWN IS SENT TO TOWN


THE CHAPS AT THE HEAD OFFICE ARE AWFULLY FRIENDLY. NOW WE'RE SETTLED IN, I'VE ASKED SOME OF THEM ALONG — NEXT MONDAY SUITS THEM ALL

AN OLD FRIEND CALLS
FRED SAYS I'M SPOILING HIS CHANCES HERE. I CAN'T HAVE THOSE MEN ON MONDAY — NOT AFTER BOILING A HUGE WASHING
BOIL? YOU NEEDN'T BOIL WITH RINSO

YOU SHOULD HAVE A PRETTY ROSY FUTURE HERE, BROWN. DELIGHTFUL HOME YOU'VE GOT, TOO
THINKS WHAT A DIFFERENCE THAT RINSO NO-BOIL TIP MADE!

RINSO is a No. 1 soap powder
3½d. and 7d. packets

R 3307-666

Selling Agents: Hudson & Knight Limited

BULMER'S Cider is still restricted to certain areas. Soon zoning will end and Bulmer's will once again be greeting old friends and making new ones everywhere.

Bulmer's
CIDER

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

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